

# THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

VOL. 13.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 9.

## Au Courant.

WE are promised several novelties at the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival, which takes place on October 6, 7, 8, and 9 next. Mr. Frederic Cliffe, who as a composer has kept too long in the background, will contribute a new violin concerto in D minor; Signor Randegger will conduct his own *Fridolin*, a dramatic cantata; Professor Villiers Stanford will present an Irish ballad for chorus and orchestra; and Signor Mancinelli will conduct an operatic cantata of his own on the subject of *Hero and Leander*.

THE directors of the Bristol Festival, on the other hand, evidently do not believe in novelties. Their prospectus shows only two new things, namely a setting of Coleridge's "Hymn before Sunrise," by Mr. J. Napier Miles, and *Siddartha*, a dramatic scene, by Mr. J. L. Roeckel. The latter is a nephew of J. N. Hummel, and is himself a resident musician in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Curiously enough, all the representatives of the London press have been asking who Mr. Miles is. Orchestral players know him fairly well—chiefly by an elaborate symphonic suite which was produced at the Colston Hall, under Mr. Riseley's direction, on April 4, 1894. It was intended to perform the work during the same season at St. James's Hall, but for some unexplained reason the concert was abandoned. Mr. Miles is well known in Bristol musical circles. The other works to be performed at the festival are of the usual hackneyed type.

MR. SPENCER CURWEN has been drawing certain more or less eminent people upon his pet theme, the influence and progress of Tonic Sol-fa. The value of some of the testimonies may be gathered from a specimen or two. Mr. S. R. Crockett writes to say that he does not know one note from another, and what is more he cannot be taught. Sir Lewis Morris has to regret that when he was young he was not trained to use a fairly good voice and ear. Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, being unfortunately "absolutely unmusical," can "say nothing to the purpose." Best of all is Dr. Maudsley, the mental specialist, who writes: "I am sorry to say that my musical incapacity is so great as to prevent me from knowing one tune from another except by the time. I can make a fair guess at 'God save the Queen,' or 'The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee,' but have never managed to get much farther." Such testimonies are undoubtedly interesting, but as to their value one is not quite so clear. Perhaps, however, these

unmusical people are to be classed with the persons, so grandiloquently described by Mr. Curwen, "whose hearts are big with the hopes of humanity, and whose lives are devoted to the uplifting of the race."

THE subject reminds me of a passage in De Quincey with which I met the other day, only that the little opium-eater *did* know something about music. He saw *Antigone* when it was produced at Edinburgh by Mr. Murray, and he went right away home to pen a hash of nonsense about Mendelssohn's music. The overture, he says, "slipped out at one ear as it entered the other, which, with submission to Mr. Mendelssohn, is a proof that it must be horribly bad." Nor did the rest of the work please him any better. "That music of Mendelssohn! like it I cannot. Say not that Mendelssohn is a great composer. He *is* so. But here he was voluntarily abandoning the resources of his own genius, and the support of his divine art, in quest of a chimera—that is, in quest of a thing called Greek music, which, for us, seems far more irrecoverable than Greek fire." Then, after many errors of fact and opinion—such as making Mendelssohn a worshipper in the synagogue and mistaking his grandfather for his father—De Quincey winds up by advising Mr. Murray, in the event of his ever reviving the *Antigone*, to make the chorus sing the Hundredth Psalm rather than Mendelssohn's music. Poor Mendelssohn! He had his detractors even in his own day.

MUSIC in Leipzig is said to be suffering badly from the recently introduced network of electric tramways. These electric cars, with what an irate correspondent calls their incessant ringing, the humming in the wires, and the shouting in the tram lines, go past all the buildings that are dedicated exclusively or partly to music, such as the theatre, the Gewandhaus, the Royal Conservatorium, and St. Thomas's. During the sacred music in St. Thomas's Church the irate one himself found the noise of the cars grievously disturbing; and it is quite certain that music in the houses is much affected, as there are hardly any streets without tram-lines. For a musical city like Leipzig this is really a great inconvenience. Let us be warned in time.

M. YSAÏE, the eminent Belgian violinist, is one of the latest victims of the bicycle craze. Not only does he own three machines, but he subscribes to cycling papers in every language. His real passion, however, we are told, is fishing—

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or rather for watching a float, for he does not care about actually catching the fish. "The less fish the better," he recently confided to an interviewer. "I can sit for hours with a line in the water in perfect happiness. When a nibble comes my dream is over." Ysaye should fish in some of the streams advertised by the English hotel-keepers. There would then be very little chance of his dream being disturbed, for, like the Apostles of old, he might toil all night and catch nothing. Ysaye, by the way, will revisit London in October, and, under the management of the Mayer agency, give two concerts in St. James's Hall on the 20th and 29th. He is also booked for a provincial tour.

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A WRITER in *Chambers' Journal* has been comparing the figures earned by present-day musicians of the first rank with the sums which their predecessors, the men whom we regard as the classics of music, earned by the exercise of their art. Before the time of Handel there is practically no record of musicians having been paid at all; and from the fact that they all died poor men, we may reasonably infer that they had either special facilities for getting rid of money, or that they had very little money to get rid of. Even Handel, had it not been for his oratorios and his operatic speculations, would have lived and died as poor as the proverbial church mouse. Walsh, his publisher, paid him pitiful prices for his operas. For at least eleven of these works he received no more than twenty-five guineas each; and the largest sum he was ever paid was only £105, which he got for *Alexander's Feast*. Even when we come down to the time of Mozart we do not find that the claim of the composer to a fair wage had been recognised. But how much better are we now, so far as the payment for first-rate work is concerned? "In courting the Muses," said Goldsmith, "I should starve; but by my other labours I eat, drink, wear good clothes, and enjoy the luxuries of life." In order that the composer may do the same it is necessary that he write down to the multitude.

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A CURIOUS demonstration of the effect of the new piano resonator was given recently by Mr. Mark Hambourg, in the presence of a critical audience, at the rooms just opened by Mr. Daniel Mayer in New Bond Street. The young pianist played a number of pieces upon instruments by different makers, some with and some without the resonator, and in one instance upon the same instrument under both conditions. In every case the contrast was sufficiently marked to justify for this invention the claim of improving the tone of the old or mediocre piano, and proportionately minimising the effect of an unsympathetic tone. The resonator has undergone several modifications since its first conception. It now consists of a thin plate of a peculiar kind of brittle steel, in which long pieces are detached on three sides and slightly curled. The entire plate is stretched under the soundboard of the horizontal piano, and at the back of the upright, the edge of the curled pieces of steel being tightly tied with silk to the soundboard. On the method of attachment depends in great measure the success of the invention, the resonator being set in motion, not by sympathetic vibration with the strings, but by actual contact with the body of the instrument. The effect is apparently to increase the power of the lower harmonics with a proportionate enrichment of the tone. The device is therefore of value to worn instruments and those of hard quality.



SOME people seem to think that tenors should never get tired. A certain M. Broulik, tenor at the Budapest Opera, recently received notice of dismissal because he could not sing in *Das Rheingold*. No wonder he could not sing; for on July 11 he appeared as Erik in the *Flying Dutchman*, and on the three following days in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and the *Meistersinger*. Two doctors certified that it was impossible for him to sing, but apparently a Continental operatic Intendant has as little faith in a medical certificate as the poet Bunn had when impresario at Drury Lane. If the tenor can't sing, he must be made to sing—which is pretty hard on the tenor, remembering Von Bülow's definition, according to which the tenor is not a man, but a disease!

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MRS. MARY COWDEN CLARKE, a sister of Mr. J. Alfred Novello, whose death is recorded in our present issue, will shortly publish, through Mr. Fisher Unwin, an autobiographic sketch entitled, "My Long Life." This will include the major part of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's reminiscences. The daughter of Vincent, and the sister of Clara Novello, naturally knew many notable people, and the forthcoming volume will contain recollections of most of the composers of her generation. Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Life and Labours of Vincent Novello" is a book already well-known to the literary musician. Another coming biography, which will, no doubt, attract considerable attention, is the "Memoirs" of Signor Arditi, giving personal recollections of Rossini, Verdi, Gounod, Alboni, Grisi, and Mario.

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THE Prince of Wales has given another illustration of the interest he takes in the amusement and recreations of the Welsh people. Recently Messrs. Besson & Co., London, who have shown much practical interest in the advancement of Welsh Bands—having presented the North and South Wales Bands Association with valuable silver trophies for annual competition—promised to supply the band associations with engraved certificates to be awarded for proficiency, and wrote to His Royal Highness asking for permission to use the Royal and historic plumes and motto, as being peculiarly appropriate to a Welsh organization which is assuming national importance. The Prince most readily granted the request; and I have no doubt the Blaina trophy-holders have already drunk the health of their royal patron from the handsome cup they won at Merthyr.

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MESSRS. JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, the eminent pianoforte-makers, of Wigmore Street, have found it necessary to issue an "important notice and caution." The announcement is called for because the firm of Thomas Edward Brinsmead & Sons, "which has been recently started by certain workmen," who were formerly in the service of the older firm, are converting their business into a limited liability concern, in which the public have been invited to take shares. It must be admitted that confusion was likely enough to arise in the matter; and it is a pity that a firm whose business was established in the reign of William the Fourth should be put to the trouble and expense of setting their identity clearly before the public.

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M. GÖRLITZ, Paderewski's private secretary, has been telling a representative of *The Sketch* how the eminent pianist travels. In America he takes a private Pullman car, which



makes him independent of the hotels, where the cooking is, generally speaking, as bad as the service. As a rule, Paderewski takes his principal meal after his concert, and, as his concert is usually over at half-past ten, his dinner hour is eleven o'clock. But the main comfort of the car arrangement is in not having to rise early in the morning, for, without having to notify any one, the car will be attached to an express train, and the sleeper wakes up at his next station. Then there is usually a side track, where there is very little noise, for the car to remain during the day. Of course there is always a piano in the Paderewski car. Everything, indeed, works like a machine on this system. There is just one drawback: there is no opportunity for exercise. It is not surprising to learn that, after being housed for three weeks in the Pullman, the pianist "found it necessary to abandon it for a short time in order to alter the mode of life." Three weeks on the rail would seem to most people a form of conscious penance as trying as the pious Brahmin habit of standing on one leg on the tops of pillars.

OUT of Mozart's six hundred and twenty-six compositions, two hundred have been lost. So says Professor Genée in the "Transactions" of the Berlin Mozart Society. It appears that, after the great composer's death, the manuscripts remained in disorder for several years, until Nissen (who married Mozart's widow) and the famous Abbé Stadler began to put them in order. Among the manuscripts are ninety-six fragments and sketches. In 1799 André bought the whole collection of Mozart's autographs from the widow for the sum of a thousand ducats. Many of these were distributed by the purchaser to amateurs, collectors, and public libraries, but the mass remained in André's possession till the musical department of the Berlin Library acquired a hundred and thirty-eight Mozart autographs. With those already in the possession of that institution, the Library has now over two hundred originals from Mozart's one hand. Some one should now go through the MSS., and give us a detailed account of them.

I LEARN from a contemporary that a difference of opinion has occurred between the committee of the proposed Feis at Dublin and Professor Stanford. The Professor's notion was to make the celebration an international affair, by engaging the Manchester band at a great cost, and inviting composers of other countries to conduct their works. The idea is a good one, no doubt, but the Dublin people are wise to begin in a small way, so that their future may not be wrecked by a large deficit on the coming Feis. The committee probably feel also that the best way to encourage orchestral music in Ireland is to find work for resident players, and not to discourage them by bringing others from England when special work of a national character is to be done.

ARE we to have another Verdi opera or not? Rumour, says a Florence correspondent, is again rife with regard to a new opera upon which Verdi is said to be engaged, and it is hoped that ere long the veteran composer will gratify his

admirers with the score of a *King Lear*, or, as some have it, a *Tempest*—Shakespearian, at all events. The one thing certain in the matter is that the maestro spends several hours daily engaged in composition. A late visitor to the composer writes to the *Gazetta del Teatri* that at the conclusion of his visit he asked permission to wait on Signore Verdi. "With pleasure," replied the master, "on one condition—that you pass through my work-room with eyes closed, and look at nothing, absolutely nothing, in it." Verdi accompanied the visitor, but the latter, in spite of his promise, managed to see lots of paper covered with notes lying on the piano-table—a sign, as he took it, that Verdi is really at work on the new opera. But the tale about passing through the work-room with eyes closed sounds doubtful, to say the least.

DR. JOACHIM has been the victim of a very stupid kind of joke. Some silly pressman put a speech into his mouth, in which the eminent violinist was made to declare against the "pseudo progress" of Bayreuth, and to warn his pupils "against an acquaintance with the productions of this school." It seems that for many years past it has been the custom of certain Berlin newspapers to issue a "joke number" on the 1st of April, and this year Joachim was singled out as one of the victims of this peculiarly clumsy form of Teutonic wit. He thought nothing of the matter at first, but when he found his "speech" being reproduced by the English and American musical journals, with accompanying caustic comments, he concluded that the "joke" had gone far enough, and he has just taken steps to let the facts be known. In future it might be just as well for our German friends to label their "joke numbers." We are so unaccustomed to fun from the Fatherland.

THAT now almost obsolete instrument, the lute, is about to be revived in Italy, a society being in process of formation in Florence for the purpose of encouraging an appreciation of it. Old Mace's instruction about how to keep the instrument may thus be revived. "You shall do well," says he, "when you lay it by in the day time to put it into a bed that is constantly used, between the rug and the blanket; only no person must be so inconsiderate as to tumble down upon the bed whilst the lute is there." An important warning!

MR. FARMER is about to publish, through Messrs. Cassell & Co., "Songs for Sailors and Soldiers," which is likely to prove a representative and comprehensive collection of all our best national, naval and military songs. Besides the old favourites, such as "Tom Bowling," "Rule Britannia," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Bay of Biscay," and "Black-eyed Susan," there are other gems little known, but none the less heart-stirring, among which may be mentioned the quaint old ballads of "Sweet Poll of Plymouth," "Lovely Nan," "Mag of Wapping," and "Do you Live at Home at Ease." Equally good is the collection of regimental songs, among which are "Captain Burnaby," the "Royal Scots," "The Union Brigade," and "The 93rd."



## Bayreuth Festival, 1896.

"THE NIBELUNG'S RING."

BY S. FRASER HARRIS.

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[Introduction. "WHAT we love, that we think beautiful." So wrote Wagner in "Opera and Drama," and how true it is! The more we like any one, the less are we willing to notice their faults, and so it is, that often when we *ought* to judge dispassionately, we are more or less biassed according to our own personal feelings. It is impossible for an enthusiast to speak perfectly fairly regarding anything, and a *Wagnerian enthusiast* is of necessity very one-sided, so let me at the outset disclaim any wish to appear as a critic. I write with no sense of supposed superiority. Let those who feel able to judge and criticise such a work as *The Nibelung's Ring* do so; I for one simply give an account of my visit to the Musician's Mecca without any wish to appear as one of the Wise Men.

[Retrospect. It is hardly necessary to remind ourselves that the First Wagner Festival at Bayreuth took place in August, 1876, when under Dr. Hans Richter's *bâton* the four works which make up "The Ring" were produced in their proper order. Since then twenty years have gone by. "Years of plenty" in very truth, so far as Wagnerism has been concerned. The immediate result of this Festival was financial ruin. A loss of £12,500 was incurred, the scenery, etc., being sold to partly liquidate the debt. All was lost except artistic success and honour. But out of the ashes of that remarkable gathering has sprung, Phoenix-like, a glorious movement. The waves of Wagnerism have touched the coast line of far-off climes. The truth of the Master's doctrines has been brought home to many thoughtful minds, and whereas before there were but a few believers, now the Faithful number thousands. It is not, however, the growth of Wagnerism that we must follow—interesting as that would be—but an account of the great work, which caused such dissensions at its birth, and which was revived with care and splendour at Bayreuth during July and August, 1896.

For a quarter of a century the idea to expand the myth concerning Siegfried occupied the Master's mind. Taken up and laid down times without number, the scheme grew until it had reached the enormous proportions of that, for a work which would take no less than four evenings to unfold itself. The original drama was entitled *The Death of Siegfried*, but finding that to make the work comprehensible an introductory drama was required, Wagner sketched "The Youth-time of Siegfried." This work led to further developments and alterations until two other dramas were added, the whole being named collectively *The Nibelung's Ring*.

To write a work of this size necessitated arduous labour on the part of the author-composer. Founded as it is upon German, Scandinavian and Icelandic myths, the work of collecting material, must in itself have been a task, if of fascinating interest, one also of laborious toil. The sense of knowing what to leave out, as much as knowing what to put in, required scholarship and foresight of a very high order. That the work is unequal—specially as to the words—few will gainsay. In places one cannot help feeling that a judicious "cut" would be of some value, for Wagner occasionally is "wordy" (notice the long-winded parts given to Wotan), and the almost entire absence of choral-writing are drawbacks that all are liable to feel. On the other hand, the wealth of melody,—pure, rich melody, the marvellous theme-development, the instrumentation, the wonderful details, the beautiful tableaux, the lovely character of Brünnhilde and the close of *Die Götterdämmerung*—unsurpassed and unsurpassable—make such slight blemishes as there are pass into almost total forgetfulness.

The words of *The Nibelung's Ring* were finished in the closing months of 1852, and were printed privately in 1853, being published along with an important introduction in 1863 in the following order: Introductory, evening, *Das Rheingold*; first day, *Die Walküre*; second day, *Siegfried*; third day, *Die Götterdämmerung*.

[Before the Festival. What a sight the railway station at Bayreuth presented on Saturday afternoon, the 18th July! With the beautiful faculty for mismanagement possessed by all Government officials, the train from Nürnberg and the train from Munich arrived at the same time, with the result that a very fair substitute for a pandemonium ensued. Long-suffering Britons, perspiring Germans, excited French and loud-voiced Americans all helped to the best of their abilities to make matters worse. Feeble porters, wearing loose blue smock-frocks, tried to assist everybody at once, with the natural result that nobody benefited. Every possible means of exit seemed to be *verboten*, but at last all were freed, and, amid language better imagined than repeated in a respectable paper, the crowd of between six and seven hundred "pilgrims" hurried on to find the rooms set aside for them by the *Verwaltungsrath*.

By between the hours of nine and midnight many must have recovered their peace of mind, as the cafés were filled to overflowing by these thirsty "pilgrims," drinking good Bavarian beer, meeting old friends, making new ones, discussing the coming festival, and nearly all trying to appear as if they were





"DAS RHEINGOLD." ACT I

*The Rhine-Maidens and Alberich*

in closest communication with "Wahnfried." Man is very human even in Bayreuth!

Happily I met Mr. A. C. Barry—the famous analytical programme writer—and Professor Niecks, of Edinburgh, during the evening. The former having attended every Bayreuth Festival (except one), was of course in touch with the authorities, and through him I learned that Dr. Richter would conduct the first and last cycle, Mottl the second and third, and Siegfried Wagner the fourth cycle. This year Herr Siegfried has taken a very active part in the management, and all speak of him as a worthy aid to his honoured mother, Madame Wagner.

**The Orchestra.** Through the kindness of a member of the orchestra from England I learned that daily rehearsals had been held since the 15th June. "Winds" and "strings" were taken separately at first and then together. Then there were rehearsals with the singers, and at last full rehearsals with stage action and scenery complete. Mottl conducted one full set, while Dr. Richter sat and listened, stopping the band when he wanted any little part altered. That the work must have been hard all practical men agreed when they heard the results. A better orchestra never played in Bayreuth, and under the leader, Professor Rosé, they did grand work. Placed as they are, beneath the stage, the tone is much improved, and the advantages from such an arrangement are many. The orchestra was made up as follows:—1st and 2nd violins, 32; violas, 13; 'cellos, 13; basses, 8 (described as the "first eight players in Europe" by a well-known critic); flutes, 5; oboes, 4; cor anglais, 2; clarionets, 4; bass-clarinet, 1; fagotti, 4; bass-fagotti, 1; horns, 10 (splendid players); tenor and bass tuba, 4; trumpets, 4; bass-trumpet, 1; trombones, 5; contrabass-trombone, 1; contrabass-tuba, 1; harps, 7; drums, etc.

**On the terrace.** Sunday, the 19th July, was a lovely day. A cloudless sky of deep blue, with the sun shining down a welcome! The little town was very busy, carriages continually passing and repassing over the rough streets. The trees were thick with foliage, and as we walked up the hill towards the Fest-haus the shade afforded by the beautiful avenue was most welcome. What a varied picture of changing hues the terrace presented as four o'clock drew near! Carriage after carriage brought its load of either fair ladies or handsome men, with of course a few exceptions! Every moment fresh faces appeared in the crowd, until for brains, looks and dress—specially dress—it was unique. There was Madame Wagner leaning on Mottl's arm, the centre of an admiring crowd. Here were a party of musicians talking together, among them being Stavenhagen, D'Albert, Tappert, Humperdinck, and Kistler. In that corner one noticed Bernard Shaw and Schulz-Curtius, Plunkett Greene and L. Borwick, Henry J. Wood and his father; in another—away from the giddy throng—Professor Niecks talking to Mr. A. C. Barry. In front, overlooking the town, Krause and Lessmann, Siegfried Wagner and Julius Kniese, and under the portico Herr von Gross, the distinguished banker, Mr. Ashton Ellis and Mr. Fuller Maitland; while all round pressed a large crowd of "pilgrims" made up from every nation in Europe and dressed in every sort of garb known to the civilized world. Princesses and princes, grand-duchesses and "Baronesse," knights and ladies, and every grade of that motley and incomprehensible company called "Society" mingled freely, some remarkable for good looks or the want of them, some for using eye-glasses

when they did not require them, some for the delight they took in gazing at well-known persons and a great many for little beside paint, powder and cheap-looking jewellery. Yes, there is no doubt that the character of the Bayreuth audience is changing. I note a difference since 1892, and if the French continue to crowd the Fest-haus as they did this year, there is no saying what radical transformation we may yet witness. But with the "call" from the trumpets the crowd slowly move into the house, the lights are extinguished, and amid a death-like stillness—the Bayreuth hush—the Festival begins.

From the orchestra-pit we hear the long-drawn "Das Rheingold." opening E flat. An organ pipe augments the bass and imparts a "steadiness" otherwise quite unobtainable. Then the curtains part, and we see the bed of the Rhine. The waters flow gently on their course over rocks, caves and boulders covered with strange water-plants. The peaceful quiet, the motion of the waves, the surge of the deep, the dark recesses into which the water eddies, all combine to produce a feeling of solemnity. By degrees we become accustomed to the gloom, and notice the three Rhine-maidens swimming to and fro in the waters.

Nothing could have been more natural than this, each girl being suspended by eight invisible wires worked by four men, they looked as if actually swimming and as they circled round and round the spur of rock in the middle of the stage singing their haunting melodies one's attention was caught and never let slip—unless when Wotan was singing—until the grand climax, when they regained their lost Ring and the house of Gunther was burnt to the ground. The three Rhine-maidens were Misses von Artner, Rösing and Fremstad, each and all being excellent. Space will not allow me to follow the work in detail. Alberich—Friedicks, one of the very best performers—soon gained possession of the Rhine-gold, and with the Rape, the scene sinking into fog and mist, the picture vanished, and to the majestic tones of the "Walhalla-motif" we saw the top of a mountain, Wotan and Fricka asleep and the towers, turrets and domes of Walhalla standing out against the rays of the sun. Miss Brema as "Fricka" was perfect. Her singing was one of the features of the Festival, and she looked the part to perfection. Then the giants—Fafner and Fasolt—Emblad and Wachter—to their most expressive theme—came to claim the reward for building Walhalla, and as Wotan (Carl Perron) would not pay them as originally promised, he at last agreed to go with Loge—Vogl—to Nibelheim, and there try to gain the Ring and pay the giants in gold.

Nothing could have equalled the beauty of the scene in Nibelheim. The weird passages, the underground workings, the lurid glare in the distance, and the crowd of hard-driven slaves, heavily weighted with golden treasure, ever and anon coming from some deep recess, all joined in forming a scene of strange interest. When Alberich, through the power of the "wishing-cap," changes himself into a huge serpent, a veritable monster appeared and rattled across the stage most naturally.

The closing scene, "The entrance of the gods to Walhalla," was superb. The scenic picture of the great palace-castle was extremely beautiful. The thunder-storm, at Donner's command, cleared the atmosphere, and as Froh called into being a Rainbow, a perfect dream of colour filled the stage. The Rainbow stretched from the mountain top to heaven, whereupon the gods commenced their march to Walhalla, crossing over in their course this band of light—that pristine symbol of promise.





"DAS RHEINGOLD." Act I

*Alberich stealing the Rhine-gold*

This was a moment of great poetic beauty, the music accompanying it being developed out of the solemn "Walhalla-motif" heard at the commencement of Act II. and out of the "Rainbow theme." This "March" is one of those passages of sublime inspiration that Wagner has repeatedly left to us in his works. It is a mighty effort of a mighty mind, and will long remain an overwhelming proof of the immensity of the genius of Richard Wagner. The majesty of the "March," the richness of the instrumentation, the ravishing beauty of the scenic effects, and the splendour of the entire conception unite to form a passage rarely equalled and never surpassed throughout the whole *Nibelung's Ring*.

A Chat with Mr. Schulz-Curtius. After the strain of *Das Rheingold*—strong food for the mind—one is only too happy to get a seat at one of the tables on the verandah of the restaurant overlooking the sleeping town, and there feed the body. Mr. Schulz-Curtius and myself were soon comfortably seated at one "made for two"—greatest of numbers! and during an excellent repast he told me the following interesting facts regarding the business side of Bayreuth.

"It is wonderful," he said, "how Bayreuth has advanced in public support. In 1883, when I first represented the Festival in England, I only 'booked' £250 worth of seats; this year I 'booked' no less than £6,000; and if I could have got more, it would have been easy to dispose of them. This year there are more French at the festival than ever before, doubtless due to the *Walküre* performances in Paris, which, by the way, were much over-rated, many parts being very inartistically done. The five cycles will bring in a sum of £30,000, but *The Nibelung's Ring* has cost much more than that to produce, so that the Reserve Fund will have to be called upon this year. I wish you would refute the statement that Madame Wagner makes money by the festivals. It is absolutely untrue. Neither Madame nor her family derive any pecuniary aid from the festivals, all surplus going to swell the Reserve Fund without any deduction being made. If people *knew* Madame Wagner, how noble she is, how untiring in her interest in everything concerning the festivals, they would not repeat such silly stories." I could see that Mr. Schulz-Curtius was indeed indignant at such rumours, and it is not to be wondered at. In reply to a question as to the future, Mr. Curtius gave the following answer:

"It has been decided that there will be another Festival next year, when *Parsifal* will be added. The festivals are bound to go on successfully. Year after year they will increase, for Wagnerism is like nature—it is a force that cannot die. One may just as well hope to stop the rising tide as to blot out Wagnerism. The happiest business relations I have are those with Bayreuth: it is an honour to be officially connected with them."

"Bayreuth." Perhaps some reader may wonder what I mean by "Bayreuth" when not using it as the name of the Bavarian town. To the Wagnerian "Bayreuth" means this: "The aim of Richard Wagner's life, the realization of his artistic ideal, the Fest-spiele."

"*Die Walküre*." With the thermometer registering something about 100 degrees in the shade, we were called from being scorched to death, by the "Sword-motif" being blown from the portico. Soon the terraces were empty, and punctually at four o'clock the vast audience was once again seated in the darkened temple.

*Die Walküre* is perhaps the best-known part of *The Ring*,

and with *Die Götterdämmerung* contains all the elements for success, being so dramatic.

The interior of Hunding's hut, with which the music-drama opens, was beautifully staged. The rough oak beams, the fire glimmering on the hearth, and the famous ash tree all being faithfully represented. Siegmund and Sieglinde—Gerhäuser and Rosa Sucher—were excellent. Both exerted themselves to gain a success, and they deserved the hearty applause which rang from all parts of the house at the close of the first act, no interruptions being allowed during the performance. From the moment when the large door at the back of the hut is burst open by a sudden gust of wind until the dramatic close of the great duet all were spellbound.

What a magnificent part it is! The pair become so influenced by the beauty of the scene that they are drawn irresistibly to each other. The feelings of loneliness in each heart finds a responsive beat. Sympathy, the greatest need of the human soul, is ever the stepping-stone to love, and the love in each heart, till now denied them in their separate paths in life, rushes together, and Siegmund gives vent to his passion in the exquisite lyric:

"Winter storms have waned."

Words and music combine to paint a scene that has few equals in the long list of Wagner's so-called "Love duets." The listener must indeed be "wooden" who does not feel the beauty, the pathos, the intense reality of this scene. The orchestra seems to lose all its formality and become a living part of an entrancing whole. Certainly Wagner surpasses himself! The wondrously dramatic duets between Senta and the Dutchman, between Elizabeth and Tannhäuser, between Elsa and Lohengrin, between Isolde and Tristan, between Eva and Walter, between Brünnhilde and Siegfried, and between Kundry and Parsifal, are all left behind when we remember the marvellous passages between Sieglinde and Siegmund.

With the mighty wrench of the sword from the tree the act ends. The orchestra peals forth in glorious tones the "Sword-motif," everything is tinged with the glamour of "Nothung."

The most wonderful development of motifs already heard takes place, and as the excitement becomes stronger and stronger, the two, worked up to the highest pitch of frenzy, fall into each other's arms. Little do they know that through their love the "hero who knew no fear" will be the instrument by which the Ring will be returned to its rightful guardians.

The fight between Hunding—Wachter—and Siegmund was splendidly arranged—quite one of the best features of the performances. The famous "Ride" was very thrilling, the orchestral part being played as only Richter is able to have it done, while the gathering of the maidens on the crags, the horses passing to and fro in the skies, the bustle and noise and excitement all united in making a lasting impression. The closing portion, the *Feuerzauber*, was also very grand. Wotan places Brünnhilde on the top of a mountain, surrounding it with a belt of fire, through which none but a hero can pass. The beauty of this scene is great. We see the god placing his erring child within the fierce flames called into being at his word, and having kissed her eyes, lulls her into a sleep—a sleep that knows no waking, till a hero who knows no fear shall fight through all for her. The music which accompanies and illustrates this passage is graphic in the extreme. The lovely melodies, which run through the part, changed from time to time as the exigency of emotion requires it, weave the whole





"DIE WALKÜRE." ACT I

*Siegmond and Sieglinde in Hundings Hut. Siegmund drawing the Sword ("Nothung") from the Ash-tree*

into a perfect form; the exquisite undercurrent of the harp bearing up the voice of the god as he sings his marvellous "Leb' wohl."

A chat with Ernst Wachter. Among the various singers at this year's Festival few made so good an impression as "Fasolt" and "Hunding," both parts being taken by the young singer, Ernst Wachter. Born in 1872, he is as yet young in years, but, as he proved "up to the hilt," old in experience. Difficulties nearly always bring out the "grit" in a man, and Herr Wachter has had his share of the rough side of life. It had long been a dream of his to sing at Bayreuth, and how worthily he has kept up the honour when it *did* come, all are ready to agree.

From the moment when he and Fafner arrive to receive their reward from Wotan till his brother fells him to the earth he was admirable. His gestures, voice and dress all harmonized to perfection. As Hunding he was even better, his deep bass voice suiting the effective, but rarely properly sung, music to a nicety. That Herr Wachter is not devoid of the "saving grace of humour"—that quality that saves mankind from boredom—may be culled from one of his remarks. "It was hard lines on me that in *Das Rheingold*, after doing all the work, Fafner should get all the gold; but it is very true to life." And then, with an amused expression, he added, "To-morrow, however, as Hunding I do all the killing and Siegmund the work—it is a pleasant change."

Herr Wachter sang the part of Gurnemanz in the third act of *Parsifal* at a concert in Berlin, and appears regularly in Dresden in such parts as Dalend, *The Flying Dutchman*; Landgrave, *Tannhäuser*; Herald, *Lohengrin*, besides Fasolt and Hunding. Speaking German, French and English, being gifted with a pure bass voice of rare range and quality, and having youth, energy and interest in his work, are all points which should go to aid him in making a world-wide reputation.

Tuesday, July 21, was hotter than ever. Not "*Siegfried*," a breath of wind tempered the glare of the sun. Happily the Fest-haus is well ventilated, or we should possibly never have lived through the afternoon. The consumption of beer between the acts was appalling! Barrel after barrel was "broached," and yet the cry was "More."

So much has appeared in the English papers condemnatory of *Siegfried*—Grüning—that there is a widespread notion that he was thoroughly bad. This, however, was by no means the case. He acted well, he looked the part, he worked hard; and if he spoke his lines rather than sang them, he was only following out in practice what we are taught in theory regarding much of the recitative between Mimi and Siegfried, viz., that it is little more than "musicalized speech." Grüning is a well-known singer. His *Tannhäuser* is specially fine; and his shortcomings are due not so much to a lack of voice as a neglect to use what voice he has: the quality is a little hard and unsympathetic, but his enthusiasm covers many sins, and none can say that he did not work hard. The *Star* representative painted him in terrible colours, but the truth lies, as usual, midway. One well-known critic summed up the whole very neatly. "At Covent Garden there is too much singing; here there is too little." But no one goes to Bayreuth for the singing. It is the *tout ensemble* that is so remarkable. Individual parts may be weak, but the effect of the whole is unique. It is much easier to criticise than to create.

The dragon episode was capital. In 1876 it was almost a complete failure. First the poor brute was sent from London

—where it was made—to Bayreuth; and secondly, when it did reach Bayreuth, it was so unwell that its tail would not work, its eye was dim, and its poisonous breath unsatisfactory! Happily the fiasco was not repeated, indeed, nothing could have been more life-like. It moved its jaws fiercely, spat out poison, rolled its eyes and lashed its huge tail in a way one would expect a well-bred dragon to do. There was nothing comical about it. Fafner was in dead earnest, and looked as if he *would* kill Siegfried. The voice also could not have been better; sung by Herr Elmlblad through a brass speaking-tube, it sounded awful, and gave a most realistic touch to the monster.

The touching awakening of Brünnhilde by Siegfried, with its passionate music, was highly thrilling, and afforded a most dramatic close to a somewhat pastoral work. The staging of the whole work was most beautiful, specially the marvellous change in Act III. from the foot of the rocky mountain to the top, where Brünnhilde is asleep.

Interview with Miss Fremstad and Miss Weed. "The ladies will be pleased to see you!" So said the maid in answer to my request, and in less time than it takes to write we were wishing each other "Good-morning." Pupils of Madame Lilli Lehmann, of Berlin—the Brünnhilde of the festival—the fair Americans have made very rapid progress in their profession. "Three years ago," said Miss Fremstad, "I did not know a word of German. For the past year I've sung in Köln, and there Miss Weed and myself will be for the next three years." I could hardly credit the statement. Both ladies speak and sing German irreproachably, and that they could have acquired this in little more than twenty-four months was proof indeed of their powers of application. "Yesterday when I sang Freia," Miss Weed remarked, "was the first time I had ever sung in public. It was a chance of a lifetime." Here again was an astonishing piece of information: many people having remarked about the "finish" of Freia's style. "Does Wagner's music hurt the voice—ruin it, in fact—as so many teachers of singing affirm?" I asked. "Certainly not," both ladies said at once; and Miss Weed, continuing, added, "if taught in the right way. Teachers who do not understand Wagner cannot be expected to teach a proper method of singing his music." Both singers spoke of Madame Wagner's deep and practical interest in everything concerning the festival, and of her personal kindness to them. "Yankee grit," said Miss Fremstad, was the secret of their success. I can only hope that their success will increase, and that ere long both ladies will be heard in London.

"Die Götter-dämmerung." The closing portion of *The Ring* was perhaps the best. As a work it contains so much dramatic interest, so many magnificent passages of unsurpassable music, so masterly a development of motifs already heard, and so stupendous a finish—greatest of climaxes—that one sits spellbound from opening to close. The orchestra played magnificently, the singers were all good, the setting was faultless—indeed, apart from the interest in the work as a work, the performance could not have been better.

The prologue was sung in almost total darkness, and as the rope spun by the Norns broke, the tableaux slowly faded away, and when the sun shone out it was upon the mountain, where Brünnhilde and Siegfried part. Siegfried then journeys to the Rhine and comes to the house of Gunther. There he drinks the potion by which all memory of his love for Brünnhilde is blotted out, and promises to gain her for Gunther if he is per-





"DIE WALKÜRE." ACT II

*Brünnhilde telling Siegmund, with Sieglind, of his approaching doom*

mitted to wed Gutrune. Then the scene reverts to the mountain, and Waltraute comes and begs Brünnhilde to give up the Ring stolen by Alberich from the Rhine-maidens, taken by Wotan and given to Fafner, won by Siegfried from the dragon, and left in her care. But she will not give it back: from her lover she received it, to him alone will she return it. Siegfried, in Gunther's form, now comes through the flames and forces the bewildered Walküre to obey his word.

In Act II. the chorus of greeting sung by the vassals was very fine. The dark hill sides overlooking the fair river were peopled with the fierce-looking warriors of Gibichung. They sing a wild chorus full of fire, and as it rises higher and higher swords are waved in the air, shields crashed together, and a great noise wakes the slumbering echoes. Then follows the sad meeting between the poor Walküre and her quondam lover. The music here is expressive to a degree, and shows what a power of delineation of the emotions Wagner possessed. It is in such passages that we feel he created a new language.

We now reach the last act of the mighty work. A scene of almost unearthly beauty is before us. A steep rocky valley, thickly wooded, through which flows the Rhine, fills the stage. The Rhine-maidens are seen in the waters, and as Siegfried's horn is heard from the wood they call him to the water's edge and warn him. They beg him to give up the Ring, but he refuses. Then follows the hunting party, when Siegfried tells his life-story, which is interrupted by Hagen stabbing him in the back. With the words—

"Thrice blessed death! I nothing fear! Brünnhilde calls for me!"

he falls lifeless to the ground. As a hero he lived: as a hero he dies. Noblest of men! Greatest of heroes!

Now follows one of the greatest musical conceptions yet given to the world—the Funeral March. Wagnerians and Anti-Wagnerians have ever expressed but one opinion of the masterpiece. The vassals raise the body and place it on a shield, and in solemn procession prepare to march to the halls of Gunther. Apart from the striking scene, at once so sad, so pathetic, so intense, the march—founded upon motifs of the Walsungs—tells us in musical language the story of Siegfried's life. It is one of the pieces of music that so long as orchestral compositions receive any attention must be classed among the very greatest. The result, after years of probation of a great mind having reached maturity. The whole idea is treated in so "grand" a style that none but an artist of the highest rank could have conceived the plan and worked out the details. Soon the train is lost in the evening mists from the river, and the sad *cortège* passes out of sight on its way to Gunther's palace. Dr. Richter's forces never played better than in the march. It alone was worth coming from London to hear, the effect produced being something electrical.

The finale was almost beyond description. A huge pyre is built in the centre of the hall, upon which Siegfried's body is placed. The terror-stricken vassals, the gleam of the torches giving fitful bursts of ruddy light, the pale moon with its cold clear light on the dark waters behind, the rough pyre, and Brünnhilde standing with her horse—Grane—as if in a trance, all go to form a picture once seen never to be forgotten.

The pyre is lighted, and Brünnhilde on her horse disappears in the flame and smoke. The rafters of the hall catch fire too and blaze fiercely. In a moment the immense building collapses with a crash as of thunder, and the Rhine, overflowing its banks, sweeps all away. As the smoke and flames subside,

the river returns again to its old bed, and the Rhine-maidens are seen floating away down the stream with the Ring once again in their possession. Just then the heavens open, and we see the interior of Walhalla, an immense amphitheatre crowded with heroes. Nothing could surpass the realistic way this magnificent finale was done.

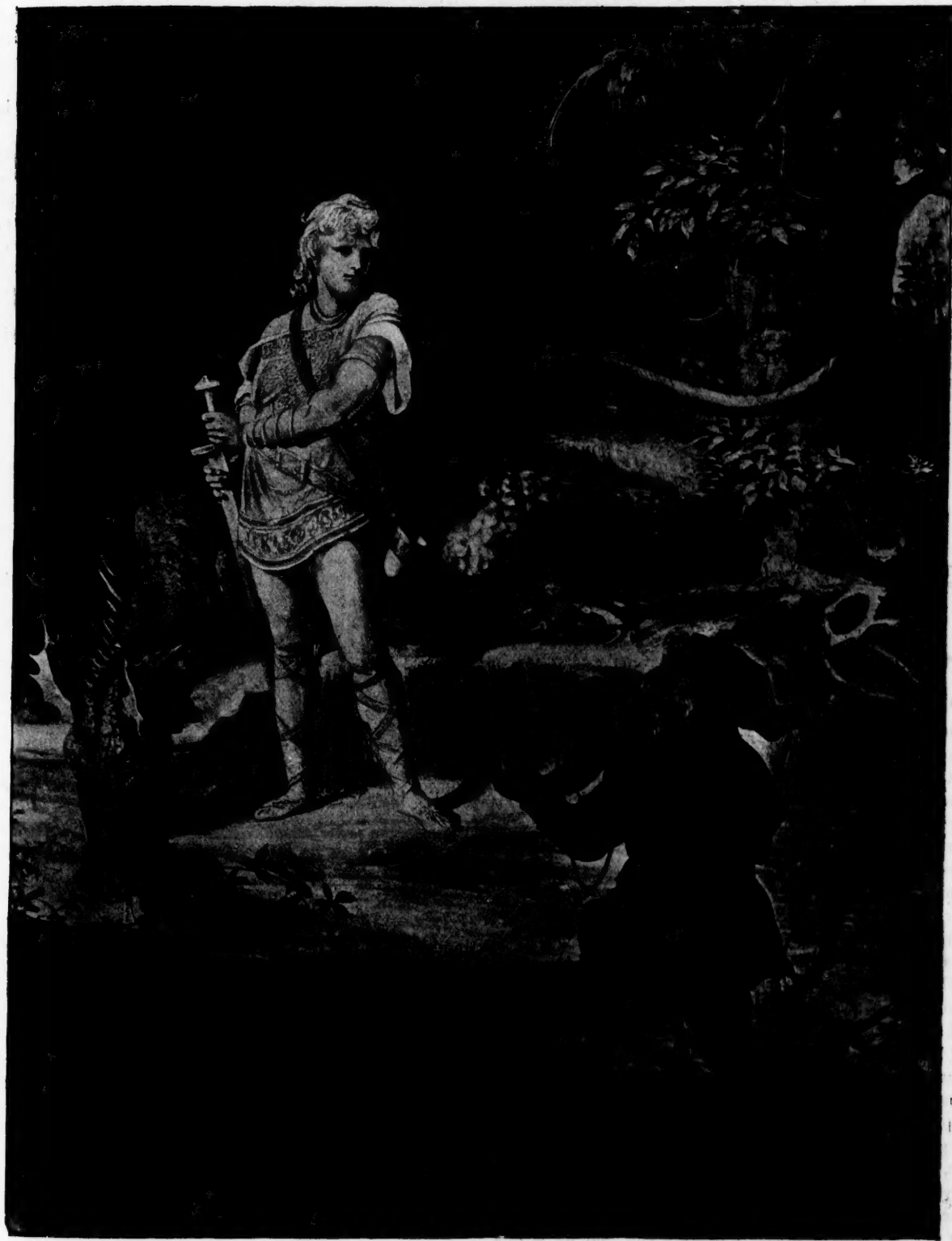
The End.

The scene in the Fest-haus as the curtain fell and the last chord died away was one that will live in my memory for long. After a moment's pause, as if all were stunned, the entire audience rose to their feet and cheered again and again with might and main. People leapt on the seats, ladies waved hats, handkerchiefs, and loose wraps, gentlemen their programmes, gloves, and "Guides to the Ring," in short, anything and everything. Germans yelled "Hoch!" French "Encore!" and English "Bravo!" Babel was revived. Although we had listened to nearly six hours' music, the majority of the people would not leave until actually forced to do so. And this in an age when materialism is rampant, and the poetry of life reduced to a vanishing point. The fame of one man's work had brought us from every portion of the globe. For days we had watched the progress of the work. Step by step had we advanced, and when the climax was reached there was not one who could do anything but express his thanks.

We had, indeed, reached the end! The old order had passed away. From now a life of love begins. No more expiation through death for sin. Brünnhilde's self-sacrifice had done *that* for ever. From this baptism of water and fire the earth, regenerate, arises fresh and spotless to enter upon a wider, higher, and purer era. All the miseries, shortcomings, and misunderstandings are blotted out. No longer is mankind held in bondage through the sins of the gods; a reign of terror is followed by a reign of love. The dark deeds of the King of the Nibelungen are but dim shadows of a distant past: his jurisdiction is for ever gone. And this momentous and eternally important transformation—how is it brought about? By the self-sacrifice of a woman! By the voluntary death of the faithful Brünnhilde. Grandest of thoughts! Noblest of women!

At the sign of Kolb's Hannickel! It was in the little inn, after the close of *Die Götterdämmerung* that I met Mr. Henry J. Wood. One could see he was an enthusiast. How he spoke of the score of the work we had just listened to, and what hearty praise he bestowed on Dr. Richter! "I have all Wagner's full-scores except *Parsifal*," he said in reply to a question. "It nearly ruined me when I bought them, but no one can know how invaluable they have been to me. I was seventeen when I started conducting," he continued, "and went round the provinces with a small opera company. The work was hard—I remember we gave *Carmen* with one flute—but it was rare practice. In 1890 I conducted Sig. Lago's London Opera Season—through the kindness of Leslie Crotty, who let me off his tour—and since then have been more or less in London. I have conducted upwards of eighty operas, and between three and four hundred orchestral pieces. Last autumn, at the Queen's Hall, I introduced 'French pitch' into England, having special 'winds' made, and it was and is a great success." And so we chatted on passing from topic to topic. During our conversation Mr. Wood made one particularly interesting observation; it was this—"No one can become a great conductor in England. A conductor needs practice as much as





"SIEGFRIED." ACT II

*Mimi, with the Horn of Poison, approaching Siegfried, after killing the Dragon*

a pianist who has six hours a day. I have only three to four months a year, and just when getting into form, find we are at the end of the season, and must lie 'fallow' for nine months."

When one comes to think of it, there is a very great deal in what Mr. Wood says. In Germany the best conductors are at work all the year round; with us often for six or seven weeks, a few for perhaps three months, and yet we expect them to take a place in the world of art along with those who have every advantage. "Wood is one of the birds that will fly," I heard a man say at the Festival, and all will agree that such is indeed the only possible termination to so brilliant a commencement.

In conclusion, let me say once again what has been implied in these notes—that the idea that one can hear Wagner's works performed as well in any other place as in Bayreuth is false. Nowhere is the same effect possible, nowhere is it obtained. When one hears some petty local fiddle teacher declaring that in *London* Wagner's works

are as faithfully performed, if not more so, than at Bayreuth, or perchance some second-class voice-trainer—who has never been within two hundred miles of Bayreuth—asserting with the assurance of an authority that the whole festival is "over-rated and a fiasco," one is surely entitled to look upon such statements as rank blasphemy.

Mud-throwing is cheap, and often deceives the public, but he who throws is certain to become dirty himself in time. If such people would only learn from the great Meister instead of passing condemnatory judgments upon him—unheard—they would soon blush for their childish remarks. To those who have "eyes to see, and ears to hear," a visit to Bayreuth is as a visit to Siloam. Petty jealousy is forgotten, the worries of life removed, strength regained, and a higher plane of thought reached—these are some of the effects of a sojourn within the confines of Monsalvat. For over the doorway of the temple is cut, in letters which cannot fade, which no amount of lying can alter, and no whirlwinds of abuse change—

SANCTUS. SANCTUS. SANCTUS.



## "The Nibelung's Ring."



### "DAS RHEINGOLD."

#### THE PRELUDE.

#### Outline of the Argument.

THREE Rhine-maidens have been given the guardianship of the Rhine-gold. They swim round and round a spur of rock in the bed of the Rhine watching over their treasure, lest its glorious, though fitful, rays may reveal its presence and lead to its theft. The King of the Nibelungen—Alberich—approaches them and tries to win their affections; failing to do so, he asks what the brilliant light that floods the water is, and the maidens in a burst of enthusiasm tell him of its wondrous powers. Goaded to anger by their fickle ways, Alberich swears to renounce love for ever—the one condition for ownership of the treasure—and rushing up the spur of rock, tears the Rhine-gold from its resting-place and hurries off to his home of Nibelheim amid the heartrending cries of the distracted maidens.

The All-father Wotan has caused to be built the castle-palace of Walhalla. In this home he hopes to dwell in peace and safety, surrounded by the heroes his valiant nine Walküren will bring from time to time. The builders of Walhalla—two giants, Fasolt and Fafner—now arrive for payment. Wotan refuses to give them Freia, the goddess of youth and beauty, as promised, at which they are exceeding wroth. Donner, the god of thunder; Froh, the god of light; Fricka, Wotan's wife, all plead with the All-father. Loge, the god of fire, arrives and tells them all of the Rape of the Gold. How Alberich has made a Ring out of the treasure, which enables him to gain hoards of priceless treasure and that he is now ruler over all. So interested are the giants that they promise to abandon their claim to Freia if Wotan will give them as much gold as will hide her from sight. The two take Freia away as hostage and Wotan and Loge descend to Nibelheim to try and obtain the ring. Down in the subterranean passages of Nibelheim Alberich forces the gnomes over which he

rules to slave for him. All day and night they gather together treasures of gold.

He has in his possession a "Wishing-cap" made by his brother Mimi, and on Wotan and Loge visiting the caves he shows them its marvellous power by changing himself into a serpent. At Loge's request he turns himself into a toad and is instantly seized and bound, the gods taking him away as their prisoner. The giants return to receive their just payment. Alberich is forced to give up his treasure, Wishing-cap and Ring; on the latter he places a terrible curse. All who own it will find that it brings destruction and death. There can never be peace again, or happiness, or a sense of security until the Ring is returned to the Rhine-maidens. On gaining the Ring the giants quarrel and Fafner kills Fasolt. So does the curse begin to work!

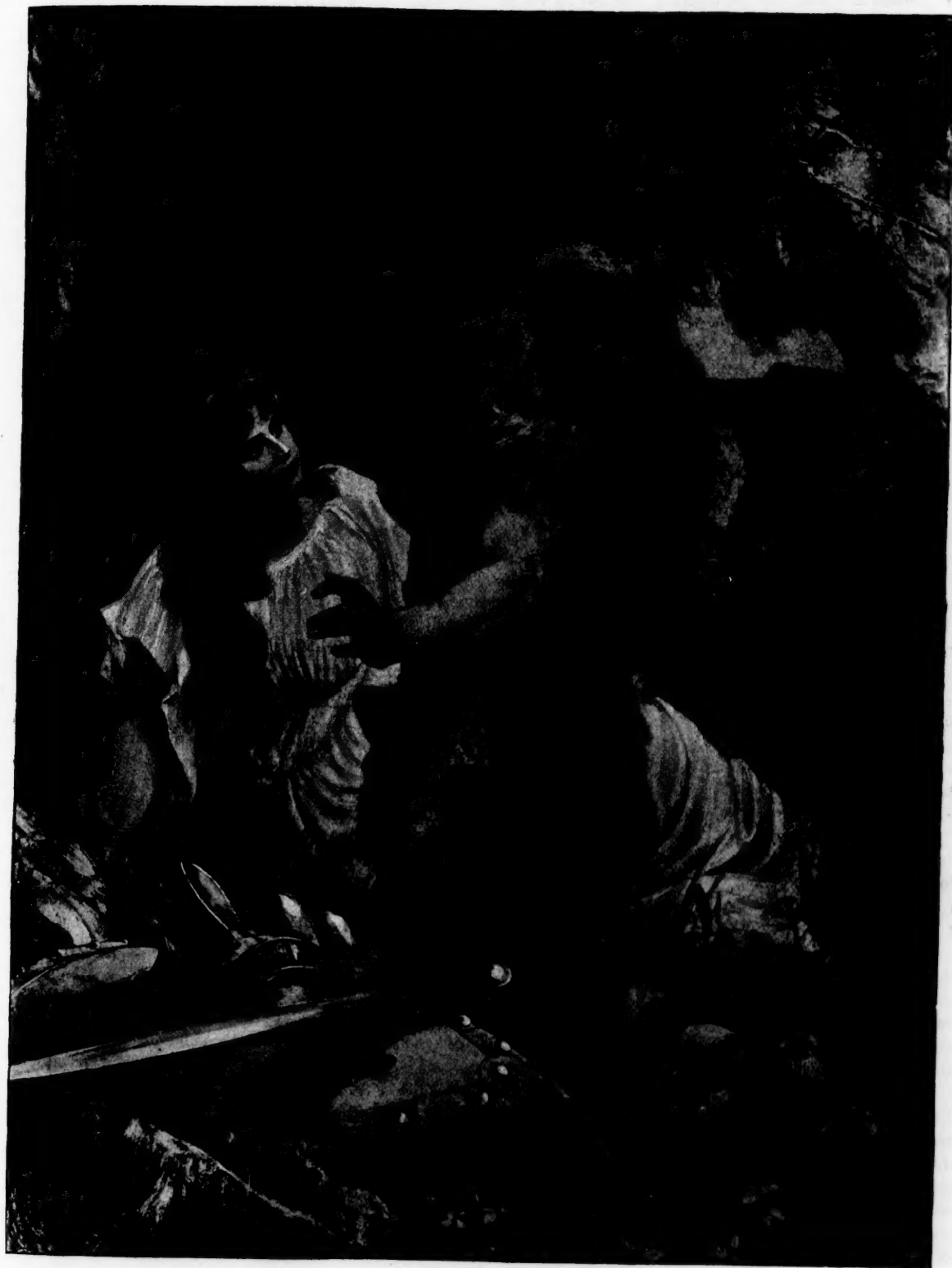
Donner and Froh clear the air with a thunderstorm. A rainbow reaching from the mountain top, where the gods and goddesses stand, to Walhalla in the heavens, over the Rhine, which flows at the foot of the mountain, enables the gods to march in solemn procession to their new home. As they cross the Rainbow the sad wail of the maidens is borne by the breeze to their ears. Significant cry! Loge jokingly calls down to them that from henceforth they must bask in the reflected glory of the gods, as their own sun is for ever gone. A sad wail is the only answer! So ends the Prologue.

### "DIE WALKÜRE."

#### THE FIRST DAY.

#### Outline of the Argument.

SIEGMUND, one of Wotan's sons by a mortal woman, travel-stained and weary, rushes out of the storm in the forest into Hunding—the mighty hunter's—hut, for rest and shelter. Without knowing it he has entered the dwelling of his mortal enemy, who years before had stolen Sieglinde—Siegmund's twin sister—from her people and forced her to be his wife.



"SIEGFRIED." Act III

*Siegfried discovering Brünnhilde on the Walkürenfels*



Hunding enters and finds the two together. Bound by a high sense of hospitality he refrains from touching Siegmund at once, but commands him to meet him on the morrow when they shall fight. Sieglinde, after drugging her husband Hunding, returns to Siegmund and tells him of a strange old man who years before had driven a sword up to the hilt in the ash-tree saying that none but a hero would be able to draw it out. Perchance he is the hero and may win the magic-blade! The lovers discover their true relationship. Siegmund, with a mighty wrench, pulls the sword ("Nothung") from the tree and the two escape into the night.

Wotan and his favourite Walküre—Brünnhilde—meet. The All-father tells her to prepare her steed—Grane—and go and watch over Siegmund in the coming duel with Hunding. Fricka however comes rapidly towards Wotan, drawn in her car by two rams, and forces the god to withdraw his promised aid. This to be a restitution because of Siegmund's violation of all laws of wedlock. Brünnhilde is therefore told to go to the erring hero and tell him of his doom. She goes sadly to fulfil the god's behest, but is so struck with the fearless and noble character of Siegmund that she promises to aid him herself. Hunding and Siegmund meet on the mountain-side. They fight. Brünnhilde appears in the clouds above and aids Siegmund to withstand Hunding's terrific blows. Wotan, however, in righteous anger, appears too; breaks with his spear the magic-sword ("Nothung"), upon which Siegmund falls dead. The god then turns a contemptuous look on Hunding and kills him, in his rage, by the withering glance; next he seeks to vent his rage upon Brünnhilde, who however succeeds in escaping with Sieglinde into the forest.

A company of the Walküren meet on the Walkürenfels. A scene of wildest excitement follows, as one after another arrives. Brünnhilde and Sieglinde try to hide themselves among the others as they hear Wotan approaching, but without avail. Brünnhilde therefore sends Sieglinde into the wood, giving her the broken pieces of the magic-sword ("Nothung"), and tells her that she will ere long give birth to a son, who will be called Siegfried and be the greatest of heroes.

Wotan now arrives and calls for Brünnhilde. She comes from among her sisters to meet the god, who is very wroth. That he should have been disobeyed by his favourite Walküre is a great sorrow to him, and being left alone with her, he tells her that she must be punished. In vain does Brünnhilde plead. She must be stripped of her immortality and lie in a charmed sleep, until aroused again by a hero who will fight through the circle of flame which will burn round her as a safeguard. Wotan, kissing her eyes, places her beneath a large oak tree, upon which she falls asleep. He then calls on Loge, striking the rock with his spear three times, and instantly a wall of flame springs up and encircles the mountain-top. Then with a sad last farewell the All-father steps through the flames and disappears, leaving Brünnhilde to rest until the time when the yet unborn Siegfried will pass unharmed through the fierce barrier and wake her to a life of human interests.

#### "SIEGFRIED."

##### THE SECOND DAY

##### *Outline of the Argument.*

SIEGLINDE dies giving birth to Siegfried. Mimi the dwarf, Alberich's brother, brings up the child in the woods; and as the years go by Siegfried becomes stronger and handsomer than ever. He has ordered Mimi to make him a sword, and

he comes into their cave home to see if it is finished, driving a wild bear before him, he has just caught in the forest. He tries the weapon, but breaks it easily, and turning upon Mimi upbraids him for his poor workmanship. Mimi at length produces the broken bits of the magic-sword ("Nothung"), and Siegfried orders him to weld them together. When trying to do so, Wotan—disguised as the Wanderer—appears, and Mimi is nearly beside himself with fright. Siegfried has at last to gather the broken pieces himself, melt them down, and forge a new blade. This he successfully does, and trying his new sword, splits in twain the anvil upon which he has made it.

Siegfried now possessing a sword against which nothing can stand, goes far and wide to try its power. Not knowing what it is to fear, he is quite ready to attack the Dragon, Fafner, who lies at the mouth of a cave in the heart of the forest, guarding the Nibelungen treasure, Wishing-cap and Ring. As the young hero lies in the sunshine, near the cave, he is attracted by the sweet song of a bird in the branches overhead. He attempts to imitate the song by making a reed-pipe and blowing through it, but without success. Fafner creeps slowly out of his cave and appears over a knoll. "Ah, ah," laughs Siegfried, "at length I've attracted some one." The terrible creature awakes no fear in his breast! Siegfried, after a severe tussle, kills the Dragon, who warns him that no good will come of the Ring, and that he would have been better not to have won it. As the hero draws his blood-stained fingers across his mouth, he is enabled to understand, by some mysterious agency, the voice of the bird in the trees. It tells him what is in Mimi's heart, not on his lips, and so when the dwarf comes back and offers Siegfried a horn of wine, the hero knows it is poison, and so kills Mimi.

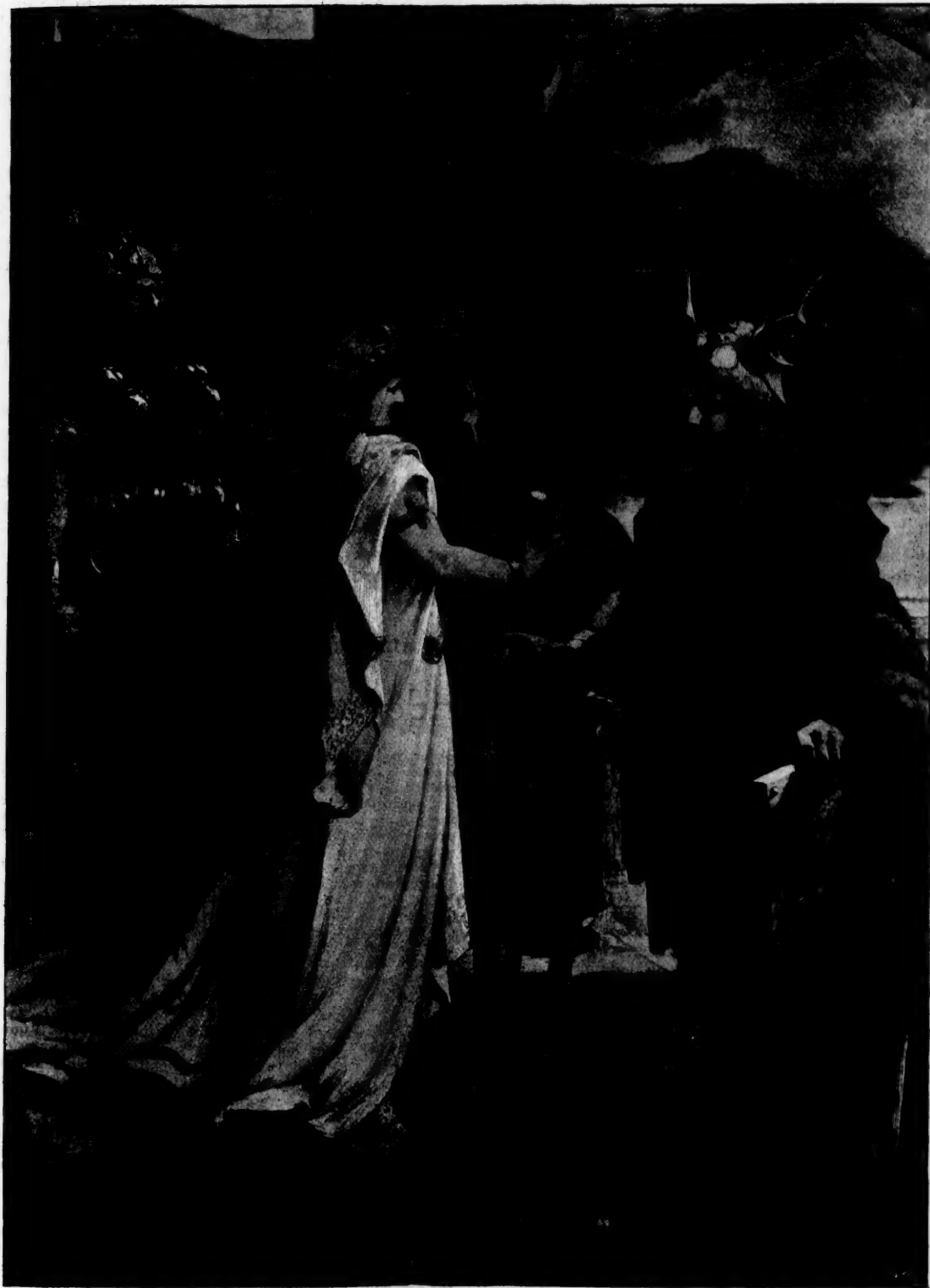
In a lonely ravine Wotan calls on Erda, the goddess of earth, to appear, and hopelessly seeks her advice. She can avail him nothing, and so the god, knowing the end cannot be far off, wanders aimlessly about the world. He meets Siegfried, and with a flash of the old autocratic will, commands him to stop. The valiant hero disobeys, and Wotan puts out his spear, the spear which rules the world, to enforce his law. Siegfried hews it down with his magic sword ("Nothung"), and hurries on to find the sleeping figure, the bird told him of in the wood. Wotan, heart-broken and stunned, proceeds wearily to his castle-palace of Walhalla, there to wait the final overthrow of the gods. Thus is he punished for his sin. Siegfried crosses the ravine and climbs the mountain side; passes through the fierce flames unhurt, and finds Brünnhilde asleep. Gently he wakes her and with all his power tries to woo her. At last the remaining traces of her old warlike spirit are subdued and she gives herself to the hero who has fought the flames for her. They clasp each other in the wildest transport of joy and look forward to a morrow of unclouded happiness.

#### "DIE GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

##### THE THIRD DAY.

##### *Outline of the Argument.*

A SHORT prelude shows us the three Norns—Fates—spinning their Rope. It breaks, and they disappear, as nothing can now prevent the final doom of the gods. At break of day Siegfried and Brünnhilde part. He gives her the Ring, and she giving him her steed—Grane—he sets off to visit the Rhine-land. After journeying for some time Siegfried comes to the Halls of King Gunther. Here lives the chief of the Gibichungs,



"DIE GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG." ACT I

*Siegfried at the Halls of Gunther—The meeting with Gutrune, Gunther and Hagen*

his sister Gutrune and their half-brother Hagen, the son of King Alberich of the Nibelungen. Hagen, for his own ends, gives Siegfried a potion which makes him forget Brünnhilde; he swears eternal friendship to Gunther, falls violently in love with the beautiful Gutrune, and on being told of a maiden fire girt on the mountain, promises to fetch her for Gunther, if he is allowed to wed Gutrune.

During Siegfried's absence, Waltraute, one of the Walküren, visits Brünnhilde and begs her to return the Ring. This she refuses to do, as being no longer a Walküre, she thinks more of her lover and their pledges. Siegfried once again breaks through the flames, but in Gunther's form (having changed himself by the power of the Wishing-cap), and tearing the Ring off Brünnhilde's finger forces her to follow him. So does Alberich's curse continue to work!

Hagen lies asleep at the door of the Halls of Gunther. His father, King Alberich of the Nibelungen, appears to him in a dream and beseeches him at all costs to gain possession of the Ring, even if he must kill Siegfried. Siegfried, Gunther and Brünnhilde arrive, and Hagen and the men and women of Gibich welcome them. Brünnhilde seeing Siegfried, in his own form, and having the Ring on his finger, proclaims him before the whole company as a traitor. Hagen makes all attempts at explanation fail, and so incensed does Gunther become that he agrees to Siegfried's death. Brünnhilde also, heartsore and stupefied, agrees, and adds, "So shall it be! Siegfried shall die."

Siegfried is out hunting in the woods near the Rhine. The three Rhine-maidens hearing his horn, come to the surface of the water and call to him. They beg him to return the Ring; tell him of the dangers which are before him if he persists in holding possession of it. But "*dangers*" are beyond Siegfried's comprehension, and he laughingly refuses. The Maidens then tell him it will cause his death. Shortly afterwards while Siegfried, Gunther, Hagen, and a large number of hardy hunters are resting beneath an oak, the hero tells them the story of his life. As he nears that part which will bring him to speak of Brünnhilde, Hagen stabs him in the back with a spear. His body is carried to the Halls of Gunther and there laid on a funeral pyre. Hagen and Gunther quarrel over the Ring, and the King is slain. Brünnhilde, perceiving all the treachery, and that Siegfried had been made a tool in Hagen's unscrupulous hands, orders the pyre to be lit. Mounting her horse, she dashes into the flames. In an instant the great Hall is in a blaze, and as beams, rafters and panels fall in smouldering heaps, the walls give way and the palace of King Gunther stands a roofless wreck. The Rhine, bursting its banks, flows over the scene of devastation. On the shimmering waters swim the Rhine-maidens with the Ring once again in their rightful guardianship. Hagen, attempting to gain the Ring is drowned. A fierce red light spreads over the heavens, and by it we can see Walhalla, crowded with gods and heroes, in flames. The end of the gods has come! The old order passes away!

S. FRASER HARRIS.

## Correspondence.

### THE ERARD "RESONATOR."

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—It has been brought to my notice that in advertisements which have recently appeared in various papers it is claimed that a certain attachment for pianos, called "The Piano Resonator," would be beneficial if used for my pianos. I would ask you to be kind enough to make it known that, far from being beneficial, the effect of the use of this attachment upon my pianos would be very detrimental to them.

Yours truly,  
C. BECHSTEIN.

### THE CHURCH CONGREGATIONAL MUSIC ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—I am much pleased to see the important subject of Congregational Singing taken up in your excellent Magazine. The enclosed circular of the "Church Congregational Music Association" will give you an interesting addition to those already appearing on your "ROUND TABLE," although they are but a small percentage of what are being daily received by me from all parts of the world.

Should you think our aims, objects, and rules of sufficient interest to the numerous readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, I am sure the President, Vice-Presidents, and Council of the C.C.M.A. will be very grateful for the notice.

I am, yours, etc.,

EDWARD GRIFFITH, F.R.C.O.,  
Hon. Secretary and Editor of C.C.M.A.

3, OAKFIELD ROAD, CROYDON,  
August 7, 1896.

[COPY OF CIRCULAR.]

This Association was formed at a meeting convened by Mr. E. Griffith, and held in S.P.G. Board Room, London, on January 14, 1889, G. A. Spottiswoode, Esq., in the chair.

The object of the Association is to promote good congregational responding and singing, as being the true ideal of public worship and consistent rendering of the Liturgy.

"The prevailing style of Church music is becoming increasingly un-

favourable to Liturgical worship. Our congregations are being robbed of their most precious heritage, and the spirituality of worship is injuriously affected."—ARCHDEACON HOWELL.

"When our holy services became instruments for the gratification of the singers, and when they became a simple amusement for the worshippers, the worship became dangerous to spiritual life, and a mere mockery to God in heaven."—CANON BODY.

"If in music we strive to offer our very best, we shall never forget that a hearty congregational service is the glory of a parish church."—CANON JACOB.

"The spirit of professionalism in a choir is the ruin of the spirit of devotion in a congregation."—ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

"There is a real danger to the Church, lest its worship should degenerate into elaborateness of art."—BISHOP MITCHINSON.

"A dumb congregation is a disgrace to any parish church."—BISHOP STILLINGFLEET.

### AIMS.

The Association has no desire to interfere with "quires and places where they sing," i.e., cathedral and collegiate endowed choirs, or with the musical arrangements of large churches which are virtually of cathedral rank. The sphere of its operations is the ordinary parish church, where the singing and responding ought not to be left to the choir, but ought to be the duty and privilege of "the people," led and assisted by the choir. It is no part of the intentions of the Association to dispense with the choir: rather to regulate and define its functions, and to render it a help and not a hindrance to congregational singing.

### METHODS.

To encourage the adoption of a low note, as well in the ordinary monotone and responses as in the reciting note of the chant; and, as far as possible, to keep the music intended for the people within the compass of ordinary voices.

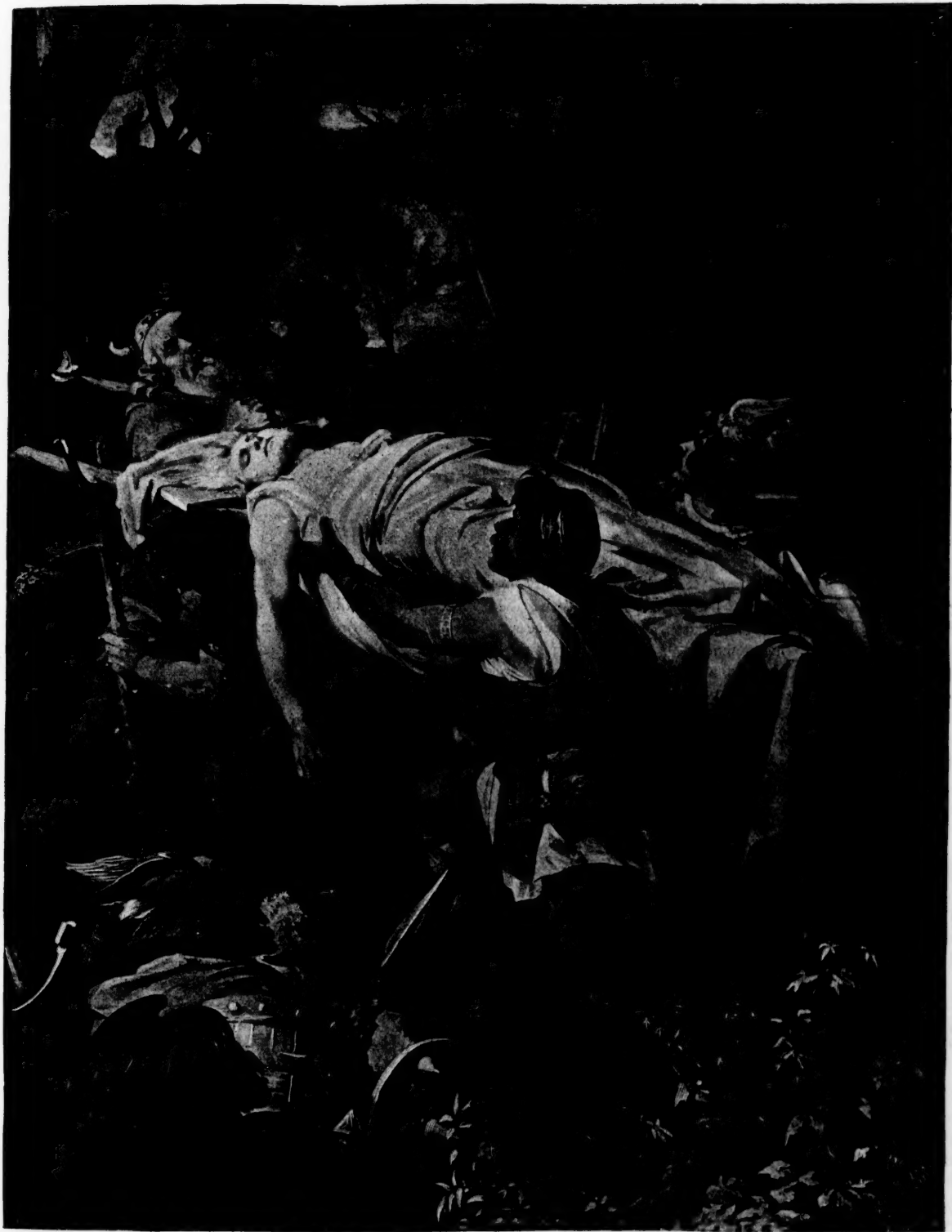
To endeavour to promote antiphonal singing where possible, as between sides of the congregation, as well as between choir and congregation, especially in the Psalms and Canticles.

To promote everywhere congregational practice.

By encouraging combined services, calculated to illustrate and promote a taste for congregational singing, to indicate how the mutual relations of choir and people may be maintained.

As funds permit, to supply cheaply, or, under exceptional circumstances, gratuitously, congregational music to necessitous parishes.





"DIE GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG." ACT III

*Siegfried's Funeral Procession. Bearing the Body to the Halls of Gunther*

## Mistaken Notions concerning Pianoforte Teachers and Teaching.

IF it were expected of me to cover the whole ground comprehended in this title, I should hesitate considerably before addressing myself to so formidable a task. Error and truth, like tares and wheat, grow so near together that it is often impossible to root up the one without destroying the other. This is especially the case where pianoforte teaching is concerned, and it would be, at least, dangerous to denounce every doubtful method, or to condemn as false any system which does not commend itself to one's own individual judgment.

On the other hand, there are certain so-called "popular fallacies" which have been so frequently and persistently exposed, that to repeat the process would seem superfluous. For instance, who has not been warned against the idea (if such idea really ever existed) that any teacher is good enough for a beginner? Whole pages have been written upon this point, so that it is obviously not necessary for me to dwell upon it here. The same may be said about the use of inferior music, and the neglect of proper technical training. These matters have already received so much attention that, particularly in these days of musical enlightenment, they may be safely allowed to rest.

The "notions" to which I shall refer in this, and possibly in subsequent articles, although "mistaken" ones, are not universally regarded as such. Take, for example, the idea that the possession of a diploma or degree is a necessary qualification for a pianoforte teacher. Is not *that* a "mistaken notion"? How many people, I wonder, stop to consider how diplomas are obtained—for what they are granted? At the best they are mere certificates of proficiency in the art of playing, and it is an acknowledged fact that the best players do not make the best teachers. The function of a teacher is not discharged by playing a piece brilliantly through to a pupil; it is necessary that the latter should understand clearly the *how* and the *why* of the matter, and brilliant performers fall readily into the error of rendering their interpretations useless by want of patient explanation and strict attention to small matters.

Then there is the possibility of the diploma having been granted for some subject totally distinct from the pianoforte, and I need hardly say that the ability to sing or play the fiddle does not qualify one to give instruction in pianoforte playing.

University degrees, honourable enough in their way, are still less to be relied upon in this respect.

"I am glad to say I have found a good teacher for my girl at last," remarked a lady once to me. "He has an Oxford degree, and you couldn't wish for anything better than that, could you?"

Poor simple soul! When I told her that a man could be a Bachelor or a Doctor of Music without possessing the smallest knowledge of pianoforte *technique*, she fired up and said point blank she didn't believe me.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that musical degrees are shams?"

"Not at all, my dear madam," I said. "I have the same respect for a musical degree as I have for a degree in medicine or theology. But neither the one nor the other can be accepted as any proof of ability as a pianoforte teacher."

The other day I inquired of a young cousin of mine, who has recently gone to a new and very fashionable master, what pieces she was studying, and was somewhat taken back when

she said that Herr— allowed her to play nothing but exercises.

My interest being aroused, I asked to see the exercises, and she produced three books, the cover of each of which bore the name of a composer in large letters. One of these names was MOZART, and the book turned out to be a volume of the great master's sonatas.

I called my cousin's attention to the fact, and said, "Do you call *these* exercises?"

She answered, innocently enough, that she had always considered them as such.

"But do you not know what a sonata is?" I asked.

She didn't, and I was at a loss to understand her ignorance, until she told me that her master had no time to explain such things. "His lessons are so short," she remarked.

I asked how short.

"Twenty minutes," was the answer.

Just long enough to hear a page from each book scrambled through, and to mark the next page.

Should not this short-lesson system be included in our list of "mistaken notions"? Is it not useless to deal out musical instruction in doses of fifteen or twenty minutes? Is it not absurd to suppose that a child whose mind is little better than a blank upon all matters of theory and general musical knowledge, can be brought to anything like a state of proficiency by such so-called lessons as these? It is hardly necessary, in the pages of a musical paper, to insist upon the fact that a student who has no idea what a sonata is can never hope to play one. A teacher, be he ever so eminent or ever so accomplished, will not, *cannot* be successful if he takes his pupils' knowledge for granted. Who ever heard of a lesson in any other subject than music without explanation? And what explanation is possible in a lesson of fifteen to twenty minutes?

I know it will be urged that the time of certain teachers is limited, and that they must shorten their lessons accordingly. To this I would answer, if these teachers deal fairly with those who employ them, they will take less pupils and give longer lessons.

I am only going now to touch upon one other "mistaken notion," that women teachers are inferior to men. It is asserted that because the feminine mind is less original, less creative than the masculine, a woman can never be so good a musician as a man. I have my own opinion upon *this* point, but as it is altogether beside the question of teaching, it is not necessary to go into it. It will not, in these days, be disputed that a thorough knowledge of the pianoforte is as possible to a woman as to a man. What, then, beside this thorough knowledge, are the essential qualifications for a teacher? Patience, perseverance under difficulties and disappointments, gentleness, and amiability, and last, but most important of all, the power to communicate to others what is in one's own mind. Should we not look for these qualities in a woman rather than in a man?

A well-known teacher, in a company of musicians the other day said, "Only those who love music with an impassioned love, and who love children with a tender, reverent regard for their wondrous nature, should venture to teach the art of music to children."

The speaker was a woman, and every one present agreed that she had described the *ideal teacher*—herself!

## Our Round Table.

### SHOULD THE MUSIC OF THE CHURCH BE CONGREGATIONAL?

(Second Discussion.)

REV. SOMERVILLE H. LUSHINGTON (DIRECTOR OF THE CHOIR, ST. MARY'S, GRAHAM STREET), MR. ALBERT NEW (ORGANIST OF BATH ABBEY), MR. STANLEY HAWLEY (ORGANIST, ST. PETER'S, BELSIZE SQUARE), MR. ARTHUR H. CROSS (PRIVATE ORGANIST, SANDRINGHAM), AND MR. WALTER BARNETT.

Rev. S. H. Lushington thinks the Congregation likes to listen.

The subject of congregational singing is one in the consideration of which the ordinary thinker experiences the sharpest antagonism between the claims of music and morals. A musician who inquires into the subject is at once landed into difficulties which he is quite unable to solve in accordance with musical science. He finds a large amount of church music written in four-voice parts; this is good and effective when performed by a well-trained body of vocalists, where the parts are evenly balanced; but when the congregation join in singing the treble part in unison or octaves; when pious ladies sing "seconds," and devout old gentlemen "Dutch bass"; when young men attempt a nasal tenor and overgrown boys a guttural alto; then it is that cacophony reigns supreme, and it becomes a difficulty to see how musically or morally such a Babel can be a meet offering of praise to that Divine Being who is the Author, not of confusion, but of order, as in all churches of the saints.

"Oh, we like to join in! We enjoy it because it is so nice!" Such is an expression of feeling common enough, and very excellent such a "joining in" is if confined to the hymns and psalms; but the rubric at the third collect seems to permit, if not to enforce, the singing of anthems to be confined to choirs, and this might also well be applied to the singing of "services" for the canticles; and although the modest and distinct song in responses, etc., is allowable, still for every reason which would commend itself to a musician the congregation had better join "with the heart and with the understanding" rather than with the voice. The great question whether the canticles should be sung to set services in which the congregation ought not to join, or to simple chants—vexes many minds, but from my own experience I am quite convinced that where the choir is good enough to render these services well, the congregation like to have something to listen to, and are content to take their part in psalms and hymns only.

Mr. New cannot advocate Congregational Music as it is now.

As long as congregational singing is as slovenly and careless as it is in the great majority of churches and chapels at the present time I cannot advocate it. If a clergyman, minister, organist, choir, vergers, or sexton shows any carelessness in the execution of their functions, congregations are most ready to detect them and complain of them, little thinking of their own, I had almost said, wilful thoughtlessness. Take, for instance, that Easter hymn,—

"Jesus lives! No longer now  
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us."

In almost every congregation nineteen out of every twenty at least will phrase it, "Jesus lives no longer now!" This is simply horrifying.

Again, very often some one will try to sing what they call "seconds," the effect of which is truly appalling, as the

"seconds" usually consist of *thirds* below the melody, which are kept up to the bitter end whether they fit the harmony or not. As a rule, of course, they do *not*.

Passing and dotted notes where there should be nothing of the kind are so common that in some cases they have become traditional, to the exceeding detriment of the unfortunate composer.

When I find congregations earnestly trying to make their singing a worthy offering, then none will advocate congregational music and congregational singing more warmly than I. But how can any seriously-thinking man or woman uphold it in its present condition? It is a shame and a disgrace to our nineteenth century, and especially to our services.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Stanley Hawley describes his "Ideal Service."

A few words can in no sense more than hint at one's ideas respecting congregational music. It is so much a matter of conditions. Personally speaking, I love to feel the congregation are enjoying, and heartily joining in, either hymns or chants; but, take quite a musical congregation, and the percentage who know more than a dozen hymns and a dozen chants would be ridiculously small, and think of ringing the changes on so poor a list!

In the case of singing new music, a new tune must be sung some six or eight times for them to "pick it up," or else the congregation as a body must come regularly to the choir practices. Impromptu "seconds" and spontaneous growlings called "bass" are most distressing. There is no law to prevent every member of the congregation singing as he (or she) pleases, so I favour in my ideal service a very varied service, led by a quartet of professionals on each side, a complement of amateurs (to be treated with all the strictness meted out to the professionals), the chants to be chosen so that one in two or three is a familiar one to the body of listeners, the hymns also to have a fair percentage of familiar tunes. One canticle sung to a setting, and one to a chant. The anthem to be sung by the choir alone. If it be asserted that the congregation would not enjoy this, I say why is it that a large body of musical amateurs will listen with so much pleasure to a string quartet (well rehearsed and well balanced) without any desire whatever to each bring a fiddle and join in?

Take the perfect part-singing of the highly-trained choirs, and ask even a musical listener if he felt like joining in (say in the Temple or York Minster), and if a musical heart did not want to join in, I would stop by law, as sacrilegious and blasphemous, an unmusical voice daring to interfere with a disturbing noise, and so detract from so well-balanced a body of sound.

I am sure that a beautiful string quartet is a greater feast even to the non-musical listener than an ordinary well-trained orchestra of enthusiastic amateurs, and to my mind it is quite the same with church music. I consider a beautifully balanced



choir, singing both chants and hymns, will do hearts more good than the uplifting of uncertain, untuneful (some bellowing, some piercingly shrill) voices will to either the possessor of the voice or his immediate neighbour.

In the modern use of the word "expression"; in the free use of "tempo rubato"; in free accompaniments, and in intelligent phrasing, none of which occur by accident but only after very careful rehearsing, I consider what is meant by "congregational singing" to be a stage in Church music which, in the growth of an art which is daily expanding in every direction, must be passed over as an *early stage*.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Cross is  
Brief. Congregational singing is distinctly an interesting and important topic, and it is one that is of ever-growing importance.

Mr. Barnett  
thinks it a  
question of  
circumstances.

The reply to the question, "Should the music of the Church be congregational?" depends, in my opinion, very largely upon circumstances. Where the choir is really capable I would advocate the use of "set services" (of which there are so many very beautiful specimens) for the canticles, etc. But if the choir is bad, or even indifferent, I would choose only such music as the congregation could join in, endeavouring to make up by heartiness what was lacking in refinement and strict correctness. One great objection to congregational singing is that the *musical* people, generally speaking, take no part in it, and the *unmusical*, in their anxiety to compensate for the shortcomings of those "who can sing and won't sing," allow their enthusiasm to get the better of their judgment.

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[I beg to thank those clergymen and gentlemen who have taken part in this discussion for their kind and valuable assistance.—EDITOR.]

## ❖ Shakespeare and Music. ❖

IN his recently published "Shakespeare and Music" (Dent), Mr. Edward Naylor, Mus. Bac., a son of the organist of York Minster, has produced a book which will emphatically enable us, whether we are musicians or not, to read our Shakespeare with more intelligence and interest. A principal character of the works of a very great author is, as Mr. Naylor remarks, that in them each man can find that for which he seeks, and in a form which includes his own view. With Shakespeare, as one of the greatest of the great, this is pre-eminently the case. One reader looks for simply dramatic interest, another for natural philosophy, a third for morals; and each is more than satisfied with the treatment of his own subject. It is scarcely a matter of surprise, therefore, that the musical student should look in Shakespeare for music, and find it treated there, from several points of view, at once completely and accurately. The most superficial comparison of the plays alone with the records of the practice and position of the musical art in Elizabethan times shows that Shakespeare is in every way a trustworthy guide in historical matters; while, as regards what may be called the psychological side of the art, there are many most interesting passages which treat of music from the emotional standpoint, and which clearly show his thorough personal appreciation of its higher and more spiritual qualities. Of the thirty-seven plays of the master, there are no fewer than thirty-two which contain interesting references to music and musical matters in the text itself. Besides this, there are over three hundred stage directions which are musical in their nature, and these occur in thirty-six out of thirty-seven plays. The musical references of the text are most commonly found in the comedies, and are generally the occasion or instrument of word-quibbling and witticisms; while the musical stage-directions belong chiefly to the tragedies, and are mostly of a military nature. That some help is necessary towards the clear understanding of all these references will be generally admitted when we find one Shakespearian scholar defining a *virgina* as a kind of small pianoforte, and another describing the viol as a six-stringed guitar! Mr. Naylor has, therefore, supplied a want which *ought* to be felt, if it is not.

To the student of "Shakespeare and Music" it is absolutely

indispensable that a clear idea should be formed of the social status and influence of the art in the great dramatist's time. In the first place, he must know that every gentleman in these days was expected to have some proficiency in music. Look, for example, at Morley's "Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music," published in 1597. There we read of a certain dinner-party at which the conversation [was entirely about music. After supper, according to custom, "parts" were handed round by the hostess. Philomathes has to make many excuses as to his vocal inability, and finally is obliged to confess that he cannot sing at all. At this the rest of the company "wonder," and some whisper to their neighbours, "How was he brought up?" Philomathes is ashamed, and goes to seek the music-master, who begins to teach him, "as though he were a child." From all which we may gather that inability to take a "part" cast doubts on a person's having any title to education at all. Even the royalties of these days were good musicians. We find Henry VIII. composing Church music, and at the same time enjoying himself singing in canons and other compositions of a scientific nature. We find Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth to have all been capable players on lute or virginal. We find that it was the barest qualification that an Elizabethan bishop should be able to sing well; and that young University gentlemen of birth thought it nothing out of the way to learn all the mysteries of counterpoint and to solace their weary hours by singing in parts. There is plenty of evidence, though more indirect in kind, that the lower classes were as enthusiastic about music as the higher. A large number of passages in contemporary authors shows clearly that singing in parts, especially in "catches," was a common amusement with colliers, blacksmiths, cloth-workers, cobblers, tinkers, country parsons, and soldiers. Even the barbers used to keep instruments for their customers to play while waiting to get shaved. In Ben Jonson's play, *The Silent Woman*, Cutberd, the barber, has recommended a wife to Morose. Morose finds that, instead of a mute helpmate, he has got one who has "a tongue with a tang," and exclaims: "That cursed barber! I have married his *cittern*, that is common to all men"—meaning that, as the barber's cittern was

always being played, so Mrs. Morose was always talking. There is a poem of the eighteenth century which speaks of the old-time barber's music as being "most barbarous." However that may have been, it is certain that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was customary to hear instrumental music in the barber's shop. Another use of music was to entertain the guests in a tavern. A pamphlet called "The Actor's Remonstrance," printed in 1643, speaks of the decay of music in taverns, which followed the closing of the theatres in 1642. Says the author, speaking, of course, of Shakespeare's times: "Our music that was held so delectable and precious that they scorned to come to a tavern under twenty shillings salary for two hours, now wander with their instruments under their cloaks—I mean such as have any—into ale-houses of good fellowship, saluting every room where there is company with, 'Will you have any music, gentlemen?'" Again, from Gosson's "Short Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse," 1587, we find that "London is so full of unprofitable pipers and fiddlers that a man can no sooner enter a tavern than two or three cast of them hang at his heels, to give him a dance before he depart." These men sang ballads and catches as well. Also they played during dinner. Lyly says: "Thou need no more send for a fiddler to a feast than a beggar to a fair." Thus we see that the "good old days," musically speaking, were, at any rate, as good as those in which we now live. Let Shakespeare bear testimony to the fact; read him with that view, and you will find every detail confirmed in his works.

Look first at the instruments of the dramatist's time. To these and to terms connected therewith we have many references. To begin with, there is the viol, which was then decidedly the most popular instrument played with a bow. There were three different sizes of viol—the treble viol, corresponding closely to our violin, the tenor viol to the viola, and the bass viol to the violoncello. The principal difference was that all the viols had six strings, whereas now there is no fiddle of any kind with more than four. All the viol family, moreover, had frets on the finger-board to mark out the notes. The tone of the viols was very much like that of our modern bowed instruments, though, of course, it was feebler. Anything like vigorous bowing could not be indulged in, for, as there were six strings on the arc of the bridge, more care was required to avoid striking two or even three at once than on the violin. Mace, in his "Musick's Monument," published in 1676, gives full instructions how many viols and other instruments of this kind are necessary. He says that viols were always kept in sets of six—two trebles, two tenors, and two basses—which set was technically known as a "chest" of viols. Mace says that, if you add to these a couple of violins (which were then thought somewhat vulgar, loud instruments) for jovial occasions, and a pair of "lusty, full-sized theorboes," a lute with a double neck, you would "have a ready entertainment for the greatest prince in the world." We still have one of the viol tribe left in our orchestras, for the double bass is a lineal descendant of the "chest" of viols. Its shape, especially at the shoulders, is quite characteristic, and there are resemblances in the blunt curves of the waist, the outline of the back, and even the form of the bow.

Next to the viol, the lute was the most popular stringed instrument of Shakespeare's day. It was used either as a solo instrument on which to play sprightly "ayres," or as an accompaniment for the voice, or "in consort" with other instruments. Naturally it figured frequently in "serenading," especially

when a love song had to be sung outside a lady's window. The general shape of the instrument was that of a mandoline, but about four times as big. Like the mandoline, it had a flat belly and a great basin-shaped back, but in every other respect it was entirely different. It was used more in the fashion of a guitar, and its strings were plucked with the fingers. The aforesaid Mace tells of several objections against the lute, the most noteworthy of which were that it was a costly instrument to keep in repair, that it was out of fashion, and that it "made young people grow awry." The old author refutes these calumnies, the last of which, no doubt, was set about on account of the very awkward shape of the lute back and the considerable size of the instrument. Shylock, it may be remembered, refers to "the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife." The adjective here does not refer to the instrument, which was straight, but to the player, whose head had to be slightly twisted round to get at the mouthpiece. Not the lute, therefore, but the fife was likely to make young people "grow awry."

Many other instruments of lesser note are, of course, mentioned by Shakespeare. There is, for instance, the "recorder" in *Hamlet* and elsewhere. This was a kind of "beak-flute," like a flageolet, covered with gold-beater's skin, so as to approach the effect of the human voice. Bacon says it had a conical bore and six holes; so it had the general figure of a modern oboe, only that it was played with a "whistle" mouthpiece instead of a reed. In the South Kensington Museum there is a recorder, made of dark wood, which is nothing else than a big flageolet. "Hautboys" is an important musical term with Shakespeare, for it occurs about fourteen times in eight plays. It always implies a certain special importance in the music, and is generally connected with a royal banquet, masque, or procession. The word "hautboys" represented very nearly the climax of orchestral power to seventeenth-century ears. Anything beyond this was supplied by the addition of trumpets, though this was rare; while drums were very occasionally used. The stage direction in Shakespeare may be taken to mean, "Let the hautboys be added to the usual band of strings." The spelling of the word in the old editions is "hoeboy," which is a near approach to our modern "oboe." The bagpipe is, of course, mentioned several times. Falstaff compares his low spirits to the melancholy "drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," and there is the "woollen bagpipe" of the *Merchant of Venice*. It is evident that the Scot cannot lay full claim to the martial instrument.

It is curious, as Mr. Naylor points out, that Shakespeare does not mention the virginal by name—curious because this was the most popular of all the keyed instruments of his time. He seems, however, to have coined a verb of his own to speak of the action of the fingers on the keys of the instrument, as when the jealous Leontes, in *The Winter's Tale*, sees Hermione holding the hand of Polixenes, "still virginalling upon his palm." References to the instrument are common with other writers contemporary with Shakespeare. Thus, in Middleton's "Chaste Maid," the goldsmith's wife says to her daughter: "Moll, have you played over all your old lessons o' the virginals?" Again, in Dekker's "Girls' Hornbook," chattering teeth are said to "leap up and down like the nimble jacks of a pair of virginals," and in the same author's "Honest Whore" we read: "This was her schoolmaster, and taught her to play the virginals." In 1666 the instrument had



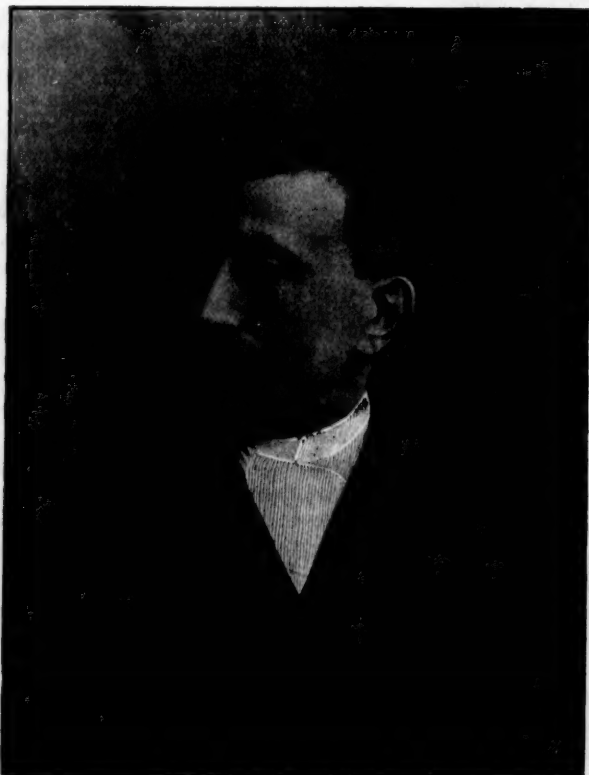
become so common that Pepys, in his account of the Great Fire, referring to the Thames, "full of lighters and boats taking in goods," adds: "I observed that hardly one lighter or boat out of three that had the goods of a house in it but that there were a pair of virginals in it." In passing it may be as well to explain that the term "pair" was used in the sense that we would now use the word "set," as in "a pair of stairs," a "pair" of beads, a "pair" of cards, and so on. To resume: as late as 1701 we read in the *London Post* of July 20 that "this week a most curious pair of virginals, reckoned the finest in England, were shipped off for the Grand Seigneur's seraglio." The average size and shape of the instrument, though its dimensions doubtless varied from time to time, may be inferred from the description of an old one sold in 1805: "It is five feet long, sixteen inches wide, and seven inches deep, and the weight does not exceed twenty-four pounds." The virginal was most commonly used by young ladies for their private recreation, and from this circumstance it is supposed to derive its name. Queen Elizabeth was fond of playing on it, but as it was in use before her time, there is no need to connect the name with the Virgin Queen. The strings of the virginal were plucked by quills secured to the "jacks," which in turn were set in motion by the keys. Hence the reference in Shakespeare's twenty-eighth sonnet to "those jacks that nimble leap to kiss the tender inward of thy hand." The organ, like the virginal, is not directly mentioned by the divine William; but we have that fine metaphor of the organ pipe in *The Tempest*—

"And the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass."

Some of the technical musical terms used by Shakespeare

are now in need of some explanation. Thus where we would speak of brilliant music the dramatist has "nimble notes." Again, the term "noise" was used generally as synonymous with music, just as it is used in the Prayer-book version of the Psalms, where we are enjoined to "make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob." Milton employs the word in this sense. It was still in use in 1680, when Dr. Plot was present at the annual bull-running held by the minstrels of Tutbury, one of the features of which festivity was a banquet with "a noise of musicians playing to them." The Shakespearian term "broken music" has long puzzled the critics, and we are not sure that Mr. Naylor has done anything to elucidate its exact meaning. He thinks it refers to the natural imperfection of the lute, which, being a *pizzicato* instrument (that is, the strings were plucked), could not do more than indicate the harmony in "broken" pieces. But that will hardly explain why King Henry should ask Katherine to give her answer "in broken music." But, indeed, one explanation of this puzzling phrase is just as feasible as another. An entirely separate use of "break" is in the term "broken time," which has the simple and obvious meaning that the notes do not receive their due length and proportion. Thus the chorus singer will speak of many of Handel's choruses, where the fugal entries are frequent and difficult, as being in "broken time."

Such are a few notes on the subject of Shakespeare and music. The matter might be dealt with at much greater length, but enough has already been said to indicate the kind of thing that will be found in Mr. Naylor's altogether admirable little work. Henceforward there will be no excuse for the ignorance of the lay reader in matters musical pertaining to Shakespeare.



## Moritz Moszkowski.

BY MARIE WURM.

**T**O be a popular composer now-a-days, to write music which not only amateurs but musicians also appreciate, is not as easy as it may seem.

Of all modern pianoforte composers, Moszkowski has taken the foremost position, for there is hardly a musician—and certainly no pianist—who does not play something of Moszkowski's.

Amateurs too have to thank him for his very playable pieces; they are most melodious and brilliant alike. His pianoforte duets are amongst the most effective music of that kind.

Comparatively young, he has already acquired great fame as a composer, and from America and England students come to Berlin to him, either for piano lessons or composition lessons, or both. His pupils have been most successful too. First of all, there is Josef Hoffmann, who studied with him on returning from America, and until he became a pupil of Rubinstein's. Then the following pupils have made very successful public appearances, some having obtained good positions also: Josef Weiss, Emmakoch, Martha Liebold, Regina Nicol, and a number of others. Mdle. Chaminade (by the way, his sister-in-law) was also once his pupil.

Moritz Moszkowski was born at Breslau (Silesia) August 23rd, 1854, and commenced taking piano lessons at the age



of six years of a very cheap music-teacher—a poor old man who charged about 3d. a lesson! At the age of ten years Moszkowski's family moved to Dresden, where he became the pupil of a Fräulein Sewel (a pupil of Moscheles). When he was twelve years old, however, he entered the Dresden Conservatoire, and there commenced to compose also. His first composition was a very ambitious one, nothing less than a pianoforte quintette.

In 1867 he went to Berlin with his family, and became a student at the Stern'sche Conservatoire, where he had as his pianoforte master a certain Dr. Frank (a pupil of Mendelssohn's), and as his counterpoint master, Prof. Kiel. But Moszkowski only remained two years at the above institution, and after that time entered the celebrated Kullak'sche Conservatoire, where he also became a teacher for a while. His fellow-students then were: Nicodé (now a composer in Dresden); Alfred Grünfeld (a favourite Viennese pianist, brother of Heinrich Grünfeld, the 'cellist); Philipp Scharwenka (now head of the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatoire in Berlin); Fräulein Martha Remmert (a Liszt pupil later on); Fräulein aus der Ohe (now a pianist in America); Mr. W. Sherwood (an American pianist).

Moszkowski visited Liszt frequently, but never became a pupil of his. He used to show his compositions to Liszt, and Liszt played the second piano part to his pianoforte concerto. But this pianoforte concerto has never yet been published; it has four movements, and Moszkowski thinks it too long altogether.

He gave up playing in public fifteen years ago, on account of pains in his arms; all the more time has, therefore, been devoted to composition. Three times he has been in England, each time conducting a composition of his own at the London Philharmonic Society. His *Joan of Arc* symphony was performed first; then the Philharmonic Society asked him to write something special, so he wrote his first suite, and went over to London to conduct it.

He has written several big works, amongst these the symphony, which was first performed in 1877. His second suite was performed at Warschau, under Hans von Bülow's bâton, first (in 1889, and also then in London). *Nachèz* was the first to play his violin concerto in London, at the Philharmonic Society (1886); but in Germany Sauret introduced it at Leipsic at one of the celebrated Gewandhaus concerts.

The opera *Boabdil* was brought out on the 21st April, 1892. Since then Moszkowski has written some ballet music, *Laurin*, and the incidental music to a dramatic play called *Don Giovanni and Faust*, by Grabbe, which was performed at Meiningen not long ago. This year he has as yet written only some new Polish dances (pianoforte duets), published at Peters' (Leipsic), and several pianoforte pieces.

One of his older compositions, to my mind one of his most effective piano pieces, "a Polonaise in D" (in former days when Eugen d'Albert was still a pupil at the National Training School of Music a bravour piece of the latter) has, I hear, been republished in Russia, without Moszkowski's permission, and coolly dedicated to some one else than to whom he had dedicated it, and no law can reach the defaulters.

Moszkowski is one of the most sympathetic musicians I have come in contact with; he is one of those genial men one feels immediately at home with. No petty jealous or envious remarks or unkind words about any other artist does one hear from him. He is most encouraging to others, composers and

pianists, and looks out for what he can praise, not for what he can find fault with, in them. He grudges no one their success; indeed, many an older artist who does not get on in the world, comes to him for advice and help, and he has helped many a one on the road leading to success.

A few days ago, on my round of "musical interviewing," I spent some most interesting hours with him at his house in the Marburger-Strasse, 12, Berlin.

He received me in his den, smoking a cigarette, and offering me one! Evidently he was in good humour, albeit he had just had the visit of a would-be composer inflicted upon him—a young man who had said, "that upon reflection he had made up his mind to become a composer"; but, judging from what Moszkowski told me about his compositions, I think this young man has mistaken his vocation.

I noticed in Moszkowski's "composing den" that he liked to be in semi-darkness, the air laden with the scent of deliciously, delicately perfumed cigarettes.

A composer's piano, presented to him by Bechsteins, of polished oak standing across one corner, a lot of heavy but comfortable furniture in the small room, and, modestly up high on the walls, a quantity of coloured ribbons, all off the many laurel wreaths that had been presented to him at various concerts from admirers.

He said to me: "Ah, you come just in the nick of time, for I want to try over a duet, a pianoforte arrangement of my *Bolero* (which I wrote for the violin), and a Breslau composer, Herr R. Ludwig, has just sent it me for correction."

So we adjourned to the music-room, where two big Grands stared at me; and down we sat to one of them, and played away from a manuscript written in pencil. After that Moszkowski honoured me by playing at sight my own pianoforte duets with me: Five *Tanzweisen* (which I wrote some years ago for my pupil, Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret of Prussia, now the Princess Frederick of Hesse-Cassel) published by Breitkopf & Härtel. I mention this because it was mainly by Moszkowski's suggestion that I wrote them.

After having played these, he brought out his first suite for orchestra (the one he wrote for the Philharmonic Society, London). We read (at least I did) the arrangement as pianoforte duet of course, and as it was quite new to me I longed to hear the effect with the full orchestra. I fancy it is a most effective work, which ought to be heard frequently.

I asked Moszkowski what he thought about England's music and musicians. He said that Great Britain had a very great future, and that the Scotch people seemed to have the most music in them, the Scotch airs being so very original, and he very fond of them.

Then I asked him about women composers. He spoke of a Miss Hallett as being very clever (she was a pupil of the Royal College of Music in London, I remember). I have heard several very good criticisms about her works here. He also mentioned a Vicomtesse de Grandval in Paris who composes for wind instruments solely; Augusta Holmes too is another very excellent and successful woman-composer. Mdlle. Chaminade, of course, is even more successful.

It seems a pity that English composers do not try to get more of their music performed abroad. The Germans are very open-hearted to all that is really good.

I left Moszkowski's house, taking with me the impression that to become a pupil of his is worth while coming for, even from a greater distance than from America.

## Letters from a Cathedral Chorister.

### VIII.

MY DEAR GUY,—

WELLMINSTER.

I am writing this in bed. After your two letters, which Perkins major read to me (the doctor would not allow me to read them myself), I'm sure I ought to take the very first chance of writing to you.

You will be glad to know that I got up for the first time yesterday afternoon, and hope to do so again to-day. I little thought when I wrote my last letter that I was in for an illness, and it doesn't seem possible now that I have been up here in this wretched room, away from everybody, for more than a fortnight. I don't know what has been the matter with me, but my head still swims horribly, my hand shakes, and I feel as if it will be years before I shall be able to football again.

Mary, who comes to see me very often, tells me that I was delirious for two or three days, and talked all sorts of nonsense, and by the way she looks I think it must have been about herself. You remember in my last letter I spoke about her being engaged to a curate. I wouldn't believe it at the time, but soon found out it was true. It cut me up at first rather, and I feel awfully afraid sometimes that I might have said something about *that*, for when a fellow's light-headed, he's apt to let out things he would rather keep to himself.

There's one thing about Mary; she isn't the sort of girl to laugh at a fellow because he thinks a lot of her. She has been nicer than ever since I have been ill, and has brought all sorts of good things for me. One day when she came I had my eyes shut, and she thought I was asleep. She stole in so softly, and I heard her say to herself, "My poor Ber. How ill he looks! Dear old boy!" I longed to open my eyes and tell her what an angel she was, but thought I had better not, so I lay quite still and quiet. I was glad I did, for, what do you think? She leaned over me and smoothed the hair back from my forehead and then kissed me. Of course, I knew perfectly well it was Mary—you couldn't mistake her for any one else, even if you couldn't see her—but I couldn't help lifting one eyelid just a little to catch a glimpse of her, half hoping to see her face still close to mine. But I was too late; she had gone as softly as she came, and on the chair beside the bed there was a basket of lovely grapes.

Since then I don't seem to mind so much about her being engaged. I can go on being awfully fond of her, and I know she likes me a little, or she wouldn't have called me "her poor Ber.," would she? Beside, she's kissed me, and I don't believe she's kissed any other fellow—except, perhaps, the curate.

Have you heard from the people at home that I am leaving here? My voice, what little I ever had, has quite gone, so of course I'm no good. It's funny that my stay at Wellminster should be so short, isn't it? When I came here it seemed to be for a lifetime; and how I hated the place then! Now I am going away I don't know whether to be glad or sorry. It's been very jolly here, and the cathedral is a stunning old place after all. As to the Close, it's a trifle sleepy, but the finest place I ever knew for a game of "I spy," or "steeplechases."

What will happen to the singing I can't think. I don't mean because I'm going away, but at Christmas there will be no one left here who can sing twopence. There's Maggs, he's the only fellow who doesn't crack, and that's because his voice

was never any good. For getting into scrapes he's simply A1, and if anything special occurs, it's upon Maggs that the eye of suspicion is turned. His great point is smoking: not cigarettes—he says they're only fit for babies—but a pipe, a real, big brier. He keeps it in the corner of his box generally; but one day it got into his desk, and Mr. Robinson found it. There was a bit of a scene, and Mr. Robinson threatened to expel him if he was ever seen with it in his mouth.

About a week after, the Dean told Mr. Robinson that he had found Maggs smoking under one of the trees in the Close, and desired that he should be suitably and sufficiently punished. I shall never forget how angry Mr. Robinson was. He called Maggs out, told him the charge the Dean had brought against him, and asked what he had to say for himself.

"I was only carrying out your orders, sir," said the culprit, as innocently as you please.

"My orders?" gasped Mr. Robinson. "My orders? What do you mean, sir?"

I thought he was going to have a fit on the spot, he trembled so violently, and looked so white with rage.

"You threatened to expel me if I used a pipe," explained Maggs, "so I bought a cigar, and was smoking it when the Dean saw me. If you don't believe me, ask the Dean. He will tell you that what I say is true."

There's no doubt in sheer cheek and mischief Maggs can give any other fellow points. Even Midgeley caves in to him. But, as I said before, as a singer he's a dead failure.

Old Benjamin declares the singing will never be any good at the cathedral until they go back to the old system and give up the idea of having no one but gentlemen's sons in the school.

"Money and family and all that sort of thing are very well as far as they go," he says, "and I'm not one of those individuals who run them down. I know a real gentleman when I see him, and am not ashamed to take off my hat to him. But if I wanted to find a singer, I should never waste my time by looking for him in a mansion—no, nor even in a parsonage. A voice is one of the very few things you can't buy, and the rich don't care for free gifts, so the good voices go to the poor. It's just the same with people as it is with birds: the plainest and the humblest are always the sweetest songsters. Gentlemen singers, indeed! They'll be trying gentlemen vergers next, and we shall see what will come of that."

Fancy your being off to school next term! I shall try to get round the pater to let me go with you. Wouldn't it be just jolly? I'm afraid I shall have to take place as a duffer wherever I go, for a year in a cathedral school is enough to make a dunce of anybody. As to music, I don't know what Aunt Barbara will say, but I've clean forgotten all I ever knew. No fellow thinks anything about music here.

I can hear some one coming upstairs, so I suppose I must stop. I think I have written a pretty good letter for an invalid, don't you? I expect it will be the last I shall write from here, but I shall have heaps to tell you when I see you. Perkins major has promised to come down to Romney for the Christmas holidays. Good-bye, old fellow, till we meet at the old place.

Your affectionate Friend,

BERNARD STARR.



## Wagner's Opera, "The Flying Dutchman,"

AND THE VARIOUS VERSIONS OF THE LEGEND.

By ANDREW DE TERNANT.

I fear thee, ancient mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

—S. T. COLERIDGE'S *Ancient Mariner*.

**T**HOUGH Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* only reached the London stage twenty-seven years after its production at Dresden in 1843, the libretto, as the late Dr. Hueffer justly pointed out, "has a peculiar interest for English readers, being, as it is, connected with this country in a double way. It was during a stormy voyage from Riga to London that the composer realized the tragic hero of the old myth. There is further every reason to believe that even the treatment of his subject came to him—by a somewhat indirect channel it must be owned—from an English source." Dr. Hueffer might have also stated more clearly, that if it had not been for Edward Fitzball's melodrama, produced at the London Adelphi in 1827, Richard Wagner's opera would probably never have come into existence at all—at least not in its present form. In fact, the legend of the Flying Dutchman only became popular with the general public after the success of the Adelphi melodrama. Coleridge's poem, "The Ancient Mariner" was written in 1797, but little read until 1827. Captain Marryat's novel, *The Phantom Ship*, was inspired by the success of Fitzball's work, and so was T. P. Taylor's four act drama, *Vanderdecken*, produced at the City of London Theatre, in November, 1846. The legend of the Flying Dutchman, however, has undergone as many transformations as the Faust legend, and the various authors have borrowed freely from each other. Even Fitzball's version cannot be called strictly original. "The story first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was adapted by Mr. Fitzball, whose wits, fits, and fancies, in dramatic *diablerie* have contributed to make night hideous, to the infinite delight of an intellectual public, who think the day's meal incomplete until they have supped full with horrors." This is Fitzball's own account of his experiences with the play, published in the volume, *Thirty-five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life*:

"My next attempt at the Adelphi was in a piece of *diablerie*, called *The Flying Dutchman*, which many people preferred to *Pilot*. These sort of dramas were then very much the vogue, and *The Flying Dutchman* was not by any means behind even *Frankenstein*, or *Der Freischütz* itself in horrors and blue fire. The subject was a very fresh one, though it had so much salt water in its composition. T. P. Cooke was the Dutchman, which I don't believe he ever greatly fancied; however, he played it, as he looked it, to perfection. Terry was Peppercoal; Yates, Barnstable; John Reeve, Von Bummel; Wrench, Toby Varnish; Lestelle, Miss Boden; and Lucy, Mrs. H. Hughes; Paulo, the Black. This drama caused a great sensation with the public, especially with the more romantic portion, and was played nearly the whole season, although its success suffered comparatively by that of the *Pilot*; the managers—most inconsistently—were in the habit of depreciating its success by the extraordinary popularity of its predecessor, though right glad would they have been afterwards to have met with a drama popular as *The Flying Dutchman*. The long run of my pieces became injurious to me with managers in the end, as every one expected a drama of mine *must* go at least a hundred nights; and if it only reached forty or fifty, they looked upon it as a dreadful failure, and would ask me how it happened that I did not write them so good a piece as *The Pilot*, as if to insure a long run existed within myself; whereas a man might as well attempt to command the weather as to command the success, or run, of any dramatic work whatever. "During the rehearsals of *The Flying Dutchman*, Cooke walked through his part like a person who submits, with a noble resolution, to a martyrdom. On the first night's representa-

tion, the tremendous applause he met with—being in that part a great actor, in spite of himself—convinced him thoroughly that he had made a slight mistake. Accordingly, the next morning at rehearsal, with a very good and right-minded feeling, in which he was never deficient, he deputed his wife, a most excellent lady, who, though not a theatrical, happened to be present to offer some acknowledgment for the coolness he had displayed: with a sweet smile she took up the prompter's pen, a plumed pen, and advancing towards me with it in her hand, like a palm branch, said she had come with a flag of truce from Cook, that he thought, from Vanderdecken being a silent part, it would prove ineffective. My reply was, 'When the refractory child smiles, the father not only forgives but forgets everything?' I need not add that Cooke's hand and mine were quickly linked together, and a firmer friend I do not possess. His acting of Vanderdecken had in it a sublimity of awful mystery, which those who have seen him in the part can alone comprehend."

Heinrich Heine visited London in 1827, when Fitzball's play was running at the Adelphi Theatre, and not only witnessed a performance, but also probably read the "book." The German author, moreover, used up the English playwright's material for his story, *The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski*. His story is too long for quotation, but here is Dr. Hueffer's condensation, with reference to Wagner's arrangement of it for operatic purposes:

"In his fragmentary story, *The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski*, a kind of autobiographic pseudonym, it would appear—Heine tells us—how, on his passage from Hamburg to Amsterdam, he saw a vessel with blood red sails, very likely the phantom ship of *The Flying Dutchman* whom shortly afterwards, he says, he saw in the flesh on the stage of the last-mentioned city.\* The new feature added to the old story is this,—that, instead of an unconditional doom, Vanderdecken is sentenced to eternal homelessness, unless he be released by the love of a woman, 'faithful unto death.' The devil, stupid as he is, does not believe in the virtue of women, and therefore consents to the captain's going ashore once every seven years for the purpose of taking a wife on trial. Many unsuccessful attempts have been made by the poor Dutchman, till at last, just after the lapse of another period of seven years, he meets a Scotch (according to Wagner, a Norwegian) skipper, and by the display of wealth readily obtains his consent to a proposed marriage with his daughter. This daughter (called Senta in Wagner's drama) has formed a romantic attachment for the unfortunate sailor, whose story she knows, and whose picture hangs in her room. By this likeness she recognises the real Flying Dutchman, but, in spite of her discovery accepts the offer of his hand. At this moment Schnabelewopski-Heine is, by an unforeseen and indescribable incident called away from the theatre, and on his return is only just in time to see the Dutchman on board his own ship setting out for another voyage of hopeless despair. He loves his bride, and would save her from sharing his doom. But she, 'faithful unto death,' ascends a rock, and throws herself into the waves. Thus the spell is broken, and in the final tableau the Flying Dutchman, reunited with his bride, is seen entering the long closed gates of eternal rest."

As Dr. Hueffer states further on:

"The two most striking additions to the old story, in Heine's account of the imaginary performance, are the fact of the Dutchman's taking a wife, and the allusion to a picture. Both these features occur in a play by the late Mr. Fitzball. . . . Adding

\* This was merely Heine's dodge to conceal the English origin of his material.



to this fact that the German poet conscientiously studied the English stage, nothing seems more likely than that he should have adopted the features alluded to from the English playwright. Here, however, his indebtedness ends. Fitzball knows nothing of the beautiful idea of woman's redeeming love. According to him, the Flying Dutchman is the ally of a monster of the deep seeking for victims. Wagner, further developing Heine's idea, has made the hero himself to symbolize that feeling of unrest and ceaseless struggle which finds its solution in death and forgetfulness alone. The gap in Heine's story he has filled up by an interview of Senta and Eric, her discarded lover, which the Dutchman mistakes for a breach of faith on the part of his wife, till Senta's voluntary death dispel his suspicion."

Wagner, in a short autobiographical sketch, gives the following account of the composition of his opera :

"Manifold difficulties and very bitter want encompassed my life at this period. Meyerbeer came suddenly to Paris for a short time; he enquired with the most friendly sympathy about the position of my affairs, and wished to help me.

"He also put me into communication with Léon Pillet, the director of the Grand Opera. There was some idea of a two or three act opera, the composition of which should be entrusted to me for this theatre. I had already provided myself for the occasion with the scheme for a libretto. *The Flying Dutchman*, whose intimate acquaintance I had made at sea, continually enchained my fancy. I had become acquainted, too, with Heinrich Heine's peculiar treatment of the legend in one portion of his 'Salon.' Especially the treatment of the delivery of this Ahasuerus of the ocean (taken by Heine from a Dutch drama \* of the same title) gave me everything ready to use the legend as the libretto of an opera. I came to an understanding about it with Heine himself, drew up the scheme, and gave it to M. Léon Pillet, with the proposition that he should have a French libretto made from it for me.

"Everything was brought thus far when Meyerbeer again left Paris, and I had to leave the fulfilment of my wishes to fate. Soon after I was astounded at being informed by Pillet that the scheme I had handed in pleased him so much that he would be glad to have me part with it altogether. He was, it appeared, under the necessity, in fulfilment of an earlier promise, of at once giving another composer a libretto. The scheme I had prepared was precisely fitted for the purpose, and I should probably have little hesitation in consenting to the proposed surrender of it, when I recollected that I could not possibly have any hope of securing an immediate personal engagement to compose an opera within the next four years, inasmuch as he must first fulfil his agreements with several candidates for the grand opera. Of course it would be too long for me to carry the scheme of this opera about me all that while; I should certainly find some new one, and should soon console myself for the sacrifice! I obstinately opposed this presumption, but without being able to arrange anything more than a postponement of the whole question for the time being. I counted on the speedy return of Meyerbeer, and so kept silence.

"During this time, I was commissioned by Schlesinger to write for the *Gazette Musicale*. . . . I spent the winter of 1840-41 in the dreariest fashion, and in the spring I went into the country at Meudon.

"As the summer came I longed for intellectual work again, and the opportunity for it came sooner than I thought.

"I learned that my scheme of a libretto for the *Flying Dutchman* had already been put into the hands of a writer (Paul Foucher), and I saw that unless I finally consented to part with it, I should be cheated out of it altogether under one pretext or another. So I at last agreed, for a specified sum, to give up my scheme altogether.

"This left me with nothing more pressing to do than to put my subject into German verse myself. But to compose it I needed a

piano—for, after a nine months' interruption, I had to work myself back into the musical atmosphere. I hired a piano, but when it had come I walked about it in an agony of anxiety; I feared to find that I was no longer a musician.

"I began with the sailor's chorus and the spinning-song; everything went easily, fluently, and I fairly shouted for joy as I felt through my whole being that I was still an artist. In seven weeks the opera was finished."

The son of Paul Foucher some years ago wrote to the Parisian papers denying that any sketch or manuscript of Wagner's was used for the libretto of Pierre Louis Philippe Dietsch's opera *Le Vaisseau Fantôme*, produced at the Grand Opera (then called the Académie Royale de Musique) in November, 1842. In the notices of the first performance of Dietsch's opera contributed by Berlioz and other contemporary Parisian musical critics, it is stated that Foucher's libretto was founded on Heine's fragmentary story. This was partly true, but a close perusal of their descriptions of the plot not only reveals the fact that Foucher picked a few plums from Wagner's sketch, but he had also read Fitzball's play and Captain Marryat's novel. Wagner's characters have different names, but they are easily recognised. The Dutchman is called Captain Troil, Daland is called Barlow, Erik is called Magnus, and Senta is called Mina. The gap in Heine's story, which Wagner filled up by an interview of the young maiden and her discarded lover, also appears in Foucher's libretto. The last exclamation of Mina—

Sois donc sauvé, Troil, je t'aime,  
Et t'aimerai jusqu'à la mort!

Is also very much unlike that of Senta's, when she has freed herself with angry violence, and ascends a cliff overlooking the sea, from which she calls after the departing Dutchman with all her power.

Praise thou thine angel for what he saith!  
Here stand I faithful, yea, till death!

The discarded lover in the French opera afterwards becomes a monk, but this was not a very original idea. Monks and nuns were fashionable on the French operatic stage half a century ago, and the adventures of the love-sick monk in Donizetti's opera *La Favorita* were imitated by many librettists.

There are some interesting features in the other versions of the Flying Dutchman legend. In Captain Marryat's novel, *The Phantom Ship*, the leading characters are the son of the Dutchman, Philip Vanderdecken, and his evil genius Schriften. The Dutchman leaves a letter to his wife after the fatal oath:

"TO CATHERINE,—

"One of those pitying spirits whose eyes rain tears for mortal crimes, has been permitted to inform me by what means alone my dreadful doom may be averted.

"Could I but receive on the deck of my own ship the holy relic upon which I swore the fatal oath, kiss it in all humility, and shed one tear of deep contrition on the sacred wood, I might then rest in peace.

"How this may be effected, or by whom so fatal a task will be undertaken, I know not. Oh, Catherine, we have a son—but, no, no, let him not hear of me. Pray for me, and now farewell.

"I. VANDERDECKEN."

The son, after many adventures, meets his father, and the following is the *dénouement* adopted by Captain Marryat to release the unfortunate seaman from his doom:

"In me, behold your son, Philip Vanderdecken, who has obeyed your wishes, and after a life of such peril and misery as few have passed, has at last fulfilled his vow, and now offers to his father the precious relic that he required to kiss."

Philip drew out the relic, and held it towards his father. As if a flash of lightning had passed through his mind, the captain of the vessel started back, clasped his hands, fell on his knees, and wept.

"My son, my son!" exclaimed he, rising and throwing himself into Philip's arms, "my eyes are opened—the Almighty knows how long they have been obscured." Embracing each other; they walked aft, away from the men, who were still crowded at the gangway.

"My son, my noble son, before the charm is broken—before we resolve, as we must, into the elements, oh! let me kneel in thanksgiving and contrition: my son, my noble son, receive a father's

\* Wagner evidently at the time was not aware that the drama was an English one.

thanks," exclaimed Vanderdecken. Then with tears of joy and penitence he humbly addressed himself to that Being whom he once so awfully defied. The elder Vanderdecken knelt down; Philip did the same, still embracing each other with one arm, while they raised on high the other, and prayed.

For the last time the relic was taken from the bosom of Philip and handed to his father, and his father raised his eyes to heaven and kissed it. And as he kissed it, the long tapering upper spars of the phantom vessel, the yards and sails that were set, fell into dust, fluttered in the air, and sank upon the wave. Then mainmast, foremast, bowsprit, everything above the deck, crumbled into atoms and disappeared. Again he raised the relic to his lips, and the work of destruction continued; the heavy iron guns sank through the decks and disappeared; the crew of the vessel (who were looking on) crumbled down into skeletons, and dust, and fragments of ragged garments; and there were none left on board the vessel in the semblance of life but the father and the son.

Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank, and the remnants of the hull floated upon the water; and as the father and son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepid—still kneeling, still embracing with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave, the lurid sky was for a moment illuminated by a lightning cross.

Then did the clouds which obscured the heavens roll away swift as thought, the sun again burst out in all his splendour, the rippling waves appeared to dance with joy. The screaming seagull again whirled in the air, and the sacred albatross once more slumbered on the wing. The porpoise tumbled and tossed in his sportive play, the albicore and dolphin leaped from the sparkling sea. All nature smiled as if it rejoiced that the charm was dissolved for ever, and that THE PHANTOM SHIP WAS NO MORE."

Philip Vanderdecken and Schriften make a dual part in T. P. Taylor's *Vanderdecken*. The drama is partly an adaptation of Captain Marryat's novel, but all the characters, with the exception of the two mentioned, have different names. The scene is in Holland and her colonies in the seventeenth century. The *Flying Dutchman* is the name of the ship, but the old seaman himself never appears, the plot dealing with the rivalry between his son Philip Vanderdecken (who is called the "Crichton of the seas") and Schriften. It opens thus:

SCENE.—Saardam, or Windmill Town, on the shore, and at the mouth of the Zaan, an estuary of the Zuyder Zee. To the right and left, houses and shipbuilders' yards. In the distance, the Zaan. Among the vessels in the water is one supposed to be the "*Flying Dutchman*," entirely black. In the foreground is seen the interior of a tavern, the "*Gouden Molen*," or "*Golden Mill*," in which tables are arranged. People smoking, drinking, playing various games, and groups exhibiting the same figures so ably described in the pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and the Dutch masters. Katrine is seen passing amongst them, distributing drink, and seeing that nothing is wanting. Deitch and a party at table, O.P., sing the well-known Dutch melody—

SONG.—DEITCH.  
Saufen bier and Brante wein,  
Schmeissen, alle, die fenstun ein.  
Ich ben liederlich,  
Du bist liederlich,  
Sind wir nicht liederlich a lente.  
(Chorus.—Omnes, while dancing.)  
Ich ben liederlich, etc.

Later on Mynheer Spieghalter, a rich shipowner and builder, appears, and after much cheering by the crowd, addresses them as follows:

"Thanks to our united efforts, we have enriched Holland by changing a miserable village into the flourishing city of Saardam. We may all claim the title of being useful citizens, and in this noble enterprise I seek no greater share than any among you. (The crowd cheer again.) Spare me! spare me! (The cheering ceases.) The weatherwise tell me that in a few short hours we may welcome a favourable wind. If their prognostications be correct, I shall extend my great work of the approaching season, and put to sea the *Flying Dutchman*. This beautiful vessel, built with every modern appliance, has also a peculiar mode of pro-

pulsion, possessing every important advantage, and will, if I am not greatly mistaken, prove herself the swiftest craft afloat. Her reputation is increasing daily in Holland, and even in mighty England, who has till now disputed with us the mastery of the main. Katrine, let each one present be served with a stoup of liquor, that they may drink prosperity attend the first voyage of the *Flying Dutchman*."

In the four-act poetical drama, *Vanderdecken*, by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and the late Mr. W. G. Wills, produced at the Lyceum Theatre in June, 1878, with Sir Henry Irving in the title part, the old seaman appears again in search of a bride. The following interesting analysis of the plot is taken from the *Athenæum*:

"In supplying a new version of the legend of the *Flying Dutchman* and the

Phantom ship whose form  
Shopts like a meteor through the storm  
When the dark sand comes driving hard,

The harbinger of wreck and woe.

Messrs. Wills and Percy Fitzgerald have adhered more closely to the idealized fable of *Der Fliegende Holländer* than to the older story which underlies the musical burletta\* of Fitzball, produced at the Adelphi. Mr. Fitzgerald is, we understand, responsible for the construction of the play, which bears a strong likeness to the libretto of *Le Vaisseau Fantôme*, and Mr. Wills for the poetical adornment it receives. A grim, mysterious, and impressive play has been produced. Some powerful scenes, to which full justice has been done, are set in the framework of the story; and some language which is at once nervous and poetical is supplied. Like all preceding versions, however, this adaptation loses what is most impressive in the original. There is something about the restlessness of these doomed sailors, hailing constantly the passing vessel, and requesting the crew to take home letters to a world which has forgotten them, that is strangely weird and poetical. The lesson is that of self-devotion; it might, indeed, be said, of self-immolation. From her youth, Theckla, the heroine, has felt herself prompted, by mysterious solicitation or warning, to await some call of fate or duty in connection with a portrait that has been discovered in her father's house. Weary at length of delay, she consents to a betrothal to a handsome young sailor, which is pressed upon her by her father. Before the ceremony is concluded Vanderdecken appears. With no expression of wonderment or of coyness, but, indeed, with a complete possession which conquers every maidenly instinct, Theckla surrenders to the man she has long expected. Disregarding all human ties, she goes with him on board the

Fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built 't the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
and accepts at once the task allotted her of dying in order to remove from her companion the curse of sailing on to the Judgment Day,—a punishment for blasphemy which nothing but a sacrifice such as she makes can avert.

"Here is the essential point of the story, a scene of a duel between Vanderdecken and Olaf, the betrothed of Theckla, in which the young sailor worsts his ghostly rival and precipitates him into the sea, being inserted for the mere purpose of supplying a dramatic situation, and affording room for a 'sensation' effect, in which the *Flying Dutchman*, under a curse like that of Kehama,—

And water shall hear me,  
And know thee, and fly thee,

is rejected by the ocean, and recommences his courtship of Theckla.

"It would be easy to show that the treatment of the fable is inferior to the fable itself. Grotesque as it appears, *Vanderdecken* has genuine power and character. It is, however, humiliating to see a man who bears a charmed life, and is a victim foredoomed of eternal vengeance, defeated and thrown off a cliff by a purely human antagonist, and then sent back wringing wet to recommence his ghostly but abominably selfish mission."

The affecting legend of the *Flying Dutchman* is calculated to leave a lasting impression on every reader of sensibility. Hence, it has been novelised, dramatised, and poetised; but it may be truly said, without fear of contradiction, that none have achieved so lasting a world-wide reputation as Richard Wagner's masterly treatment of the subject.

\* Melodrama.





## Our Contemporaries.



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THE musical journals this month show the deadly effects of the holiday season in being for the most part deadly dull. The *Musical Times* adds to the dulness by coming out in mourning for Joseph Alfred Novello, although there has been no Novello connected with the historic house in Berners Street for many years. Still, if there be any honour in a black border it is right that the deceased Novello should have it. He was the first to issue cheap editions of the musical classics; but he had many interests besides music. He fought for the repeal of the stamp duty on newspapers; he agitated for counting twenty-four hours in the day and night instead of two cycles of twelve hours; he invented a form of steamship which he claimed would do away with sea-sickness and shipwreck; and in other ways he showed himself to be a man of broad interests and radical mind. He retired from the music business at the early age of forty-seven and in the land of his paternal ancestors lived an ideal life for forty years. His venerable appearance must be remembered by all who saw him during his last visit to the country for which, musically speaking, he did so much. He seemed to embody Young's idea of an old age which walks "thoughtful on the silent solemn shore of that vast ocean it must sail so soon."—In the course of an interesting article on the peculiarities of the musical temperament and its manifestations in a recent number of *Blackwood*, Mr. Hutchings touched upon the subject of musical genius and general education. "The lives of the great composers," he wrote, "do show, unwelcome as the truth may be, that music of a very high order has been produced by men who were indisputably dunces, if not simpletons. Hence the degraded alliances which noble music has contracted with mean and foolish words; hence too, the little that has been done by composers of the first rank in elucidating the laws which their genius has evolved." The *Musical Times* rightly takes up the cudgels in defence of the composers who are thus traduced. As a matter of fact, it may be doubted whether, with one solitary exception at the present day, a single instance of the inspired dunce can be discovered in the musical annals of the nineteenth century. Even Schubert himself, though his surroundings were *bourgeois*, showed a considerable literary *flair* in his choice of words. Weber, though certainly not fortunate in his choice of librettos, was a well-educated man. Mendelssohn was a veritable admirable Crichton. Schumann, Berlioz, and, in a minor degree, Liszt, had all remarkable literary gifts. Of the accomplishments of Wagner it is not necessary to speak. At the present day the cultured musician is especially represented by Saint-Saëns, Boito, Hubert Parry, and many others; but Brahms is known to be well versed in the masterpieces of classical literature, while Verdi's choice of subjects—of late years—certainly furnishes no instance of those "degraded alliances" of which Mr. Hutchings speaks. Indeed, the danger that besets a musician nowadays is not so much that of knowing too little outside his own sphere as of knowing too much. If we were not so good "all round," we might go considerably farther in special directions.

Frederick Nietzsche, shut up in a German madhouse, is having far more attention than he ever had while the world took his sanity for granted. Whenever Nietzsche had exhausted his vocabulary of denunciation upon the head of some unfortunate musician, literary man, or painter, he was wont to say, "He is fit only for the madhouse." He preached his philosophy and slanged freely the objects of his many hates for a number of years, and seemed to make few disciples. But in the end it appeared he had taught the German people the trick of ending an argument by the formula above stated; and they not only said of Nietzsche, "He is fit only for the madhouse," but actually went so

far as to put him there. But the fact that a man has been put into a madhouse does not necessarily imply that at a certain stage of his career his teaching had not some value; and the *Musical Record* does well in taking up for serious consideration some of Nietzsche's views on Richard Wagner. Nietzsche had many hates, many "unpracticables" as he called them; but of all men the one he detested the most and pursued most ruthlessly was the hero of Bayreuth. Upon Wagner he piles chapter on chapter and volume on volume, and never seems to tire. And it is not mere abuse he slings at him, but a copious flow of that odd compound of lunacy and sense which makes him so stimulating to read. The keynote of his diatribes is this—that Wagner is great, stupendous, first of all modern musicians, but that all he does makes for the bad, tends to lower the energy, the strength of the race. Wagner is a "seducer in the grand style." There is "nothing fatigued, nothing decrepit, nothing dangerous to life and derogatory to the world in spiritual matters which would not be secretly taken under protection by his art: it is the blackest obscurantism which he conceals in the luminous husks of the ideal." Again: "*Parsifal* will always retain the chief place in the art of seduction, as its *stroke of genius*. I admire that work; I should like to have composed it myself; not having done so, I at least understand it. Wagner was never better inspired than at the end. The exquisiteness in the alliance of beauty and disease is here carried so far that it casts, as it were, a shadow over Wagner's earlier art: it appears too bright, too healthy." And so on. In Nietzsche we find the most astonishing shrewdness and insight side by side with the most astonishing obtuseness, the sternest self-restraint in expression with the most outrageous perversity and childish pettishness. Is it worth while contradicting it all? We think not. Time alone will show whether Nietzsche was right, or Wagner a sane, healthy, creative artist of the first rank. For the present, at least, we are all Wagnerites, and Wagner seems the very essence of restorative energy.

The *Musical Herald* has a symposium on Choral Societies, from which a good idea may be gained of the average condition of choirs in town and country. The problems of maintaining the musical efficiency and financial success of choral societies are anxious matters with many conductors, but on the whole the desponding officials may take courage from these *Herald* answers. It is sometimes said that the spread of the variety entertainment is lowering the public taste for music, but the symposium correspondents for the most part do not agree with this view, though a few reply that cantata performances are adversely affected by this counter attraction. Regarding plans for making the concerts well attended [and remunerative various ideas are suggested. One method that is recommended is to give the choir facilities to purchase tickets at a cheaper rate than the public can buy them. Another correspondent says that the choir members sell tickets among their friends, and the new members from the preparatory class excel in this work. A band accompaniment is found to be an additional attraction, but hardly remunerative. The want of good male voices—especially of tenors—is specially deplored. Good tenors are paid for their services in church choirs, and then they decline to sing gratis in the choral society. The *Messiah* seems to hold its place everywhere at Christmas; it nearly always pays when other works fail.—One difficulty the I.S.M. has is in defining the professional musician; in other words, in deciding who shall be eligible for its membership. Mr. Spencer Curwen tells that he heard recently of a professional teacher of music being dismissed from membership because he had added the selling of instruments to his teaching. He was reinstated when he showed that he did not actually serve in his shop, but employed a man-



ager. This surely is a thin line to maintain. The capitalist is eligible, provided he keeps behind the scenes. The working capitalist, or the music-seller's assistant is apparently ineligible. The best way would be to exclude from membership entirely all who are engaged in business, or else to open the doors more widely. But why should any man bother his head about being a member of the Incorporated Society of Musicians? No one is a fraction the better in pocket or in person from belonging to the Society.—The *Herald* has an eight-page supplement of "Letters of congratulation received by Mr. Curwen, and read by him to the students [of the Tonic Sol-fa College] at the inaugural soirée, July 13." If the students had to sit out the reading of these letters, they are to be heartily pitied. The majority of the letters, moreover, are from people entirely unassociated with music, even Mr. S. R. Crockett, who "does not know one note from another, and, what is more, cannot be taught," having been appealed to. What is the value of such congratulations?

The *Nonconformist Musical Journal* has two articles of special interest to church musicians. One deals with the question of how to get good congregational singing; the other pleads for good music as a power for attracting people to the church. Some people, of course, don't want to have congregational singing at all. A certain eminent divine has described those who "make a joyful noise" as indulging in "sanctified caterwauling," and that is a view that is pretty generally taken. The *Journal* writer, however, would not be too squeamish in the definition of "good" as applied to congregational singing. He would accept it as meaning "a hearty, tuneful, expressive, poetic, and soul-stirring rendering of the service of praise—now jubilant, then penitential, and anon almost pathetic." As a matter of fact, very few congregations come up to even that ideal: their attempts are, as a rule, much more "pathetic" than their praises. The writer of the other article to which we have referred lays it down as an axiom that any legitimate means should be used with a view to induce people to attend the churches. He admits that ordinary religious services, even though sacred music occupies a prominent place in them, leave considerable numbers unattracted; and he thinks that an appeal might be made successfully to this constituency through the agency of music. There is no doubt of it. But the clergy are unfortunately the stumbling-block to all efforts in this direction. They cannot fill the churches themselves, and their jealousy will not allow a free hand to those who might be more successful.—It is indeed perfectly surprising how some churches are handicapped as the result of unwise arrangements in matters musical. The editor of the *Journal* tells us that he heard lately of a church where about twenty-five years ago a second, if not a third or fourth-hand organ was purchased for something under £10. About £30 was spent at once on "doing it up," and since then about £70 further has gone in the same direction. Two deacons undertook to play this charming organ, one at the morning, the other at the evening service. "They have stuck to their post," says our contemporary, "but the congregation would be heartily thankful if they could see that their work is done." We should think so!

Among rooted conventionalities in the musical art few seem more absurd than those having to do with the employment of particular instruments after certain stereotyped forms and intentions. *Musical Opinion* has a sensible little note on the subject. Take the organ, for instance, says the writer. Many there are who still find it difficult to believe that aught but "sacred" music, of a certain type, is at all playable upon that instrument. With regard to the voice, also, we meet with such prepossessions on every hand. The man with a bass voice must still be deemed incapable of any tender feeling: he must always be "the villain of the piece." Such instruments of the string variety as the guitar, mandoline, and banjo, are relegated to a very narrow corner of the "field of art,"—not to speak of "Christy minstrel" associations invariably awakened by them. Natural, of course; but in some cases a loss to art results, since many instruments at present comparatively

neglected are capable of wider orchestral employment. Even the concertina—that much-dreaded competitor with the nocturnal cat—in its best English forms, and played as we have heard it in certain clever hands, might be turned to surprising artistic effect in connection with other orchestral varieties. The harp, if not quite obsolete nowadays, comes in at some "heavenly situation," and at few others. Composers, by their ultra-timidity, cause many skilled artists to remain content with some half-dozen compositions (rubbish not counted) for their respective instruments.

The musical profession, like the holy state of matrimony, seems to possess a powerful fascination for outsiders, who are just as little inclined to take advice as those to whom *Punch's* "Don't" was addressed. And all the while that the energetic folk are struggling to gain an entrance into the musical ranks a discussion is in progress as to the best method of keeping them out! Such a discussion is going on at present in the columns of the *Opinion*. Of course there is no need to indicate its scope and general tenor: the profession is in the slough of despond, and no one seems to heed the "cry from Macedonia" for help. One writer suggests that the solution of the overcrowded and underpaid state of the profession lies with "its successful and eminent men." But what do these men know or care about the condition of their brethren in the rank and file? They are more concerned about having fulfilled in their own case the Scriptural proposition, that to him who hath shall be added more.

Mr. Frederick Dawson, the eminent pianist, is the subject of *The Lute's* portrait and biography this month. Dawson is a native of Leeds, where he was born in 1868. He received his first music-lesson when he was just five years old, and six months later he was able to play all Clementi's Sonatinas. At the age of seven he made his first public appearance, and when he was ten he could play the whole of Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues from memory! In 1878 he played before Hallé, who then remarked to him: "It will be your own fault if you do not become one of the greatest pianists of the world." Mr. Dawson says he learned much from Pachmann, but *The Lute* rejoices that he has not caught from that pantomimic pianist "the practice of casting [a leery wink] at the audience when, in slow movements, he imagines that he has captured a telling note."—Our contemporary has entered on a crusade against "the practice indulged in by almost all singers of freezing on to the particular note which they (poor wretches) fatuously deem likely to show off their voices, regardless of the composer's printed score." With courage and a little dynamite *The Lute* hopes to stamp out "this brutal and blatant form of musical degradation." We are not quite so sanguine.

In a recent issue of the *Musical Courier*, Mr. Fuller Maitland gives the sleepy old Philharmonic Society a sound talking to. Here is one of his best passages:

There is a tendency, perhaps, towards undue leniency in reviewing the work of the institution, as if it were a respectable old dowager, whose very wrinkles must be left unmentioned, whilst the slightest hint that she had a chequered career in the past is almost indecent. In this, her eighty-fourth year, however, our old friend is so hale that she can stand being told certain truths which one would shrink from uttering if she were decrepit and moribund. The fact is, and it must be faced, that for a good many seasons now the Philharmonic has not held its former place as a leader of musical taste. The dowager is no longer the queen of society that she once was. She has not lost the position by reason of age, for if certain giddy young things have absorbed a deal of admiration and attention which ought to have been hers, there is a loyal section of the public still ready to throw itself at her feet. Poor thing, she does not know that the main stream of artistic development has rather passed her by; she still thinks she leads the *ton*, and it would not be worth informing her of her mistake were it not that, if she will acknowledge it, there is no reason why she should not be what she has been in the past. The causes of her getting considered a little out of fashion are, it seems to me, twofold (and be it remembered that I am not referring to the social position of the Philharmonic audiences, who may be all dukes and duchesses for aught I know); one cause concerned

with her programmes, the other with her constitution. It is not her fault that her parties are absurdly long; in the vigorous days of her youth, musicians' digestions were ostrich-like in their capacity, and she cannot be expected to see that three hours' music is at least one hour too much for the amateurs of the present day. For some years, beginning a good while back, and lasting till quite a few seasons ago, she could not make up her mind what she or the public wanted, or whether she was to lead or follow public taste. She lost confidence in herself after a few unfortunate speculations, and that sort of diffidence is, of course, fatal in a leader of society. She knew she was expected to patronize some new lion or other, but she could find no new ones that younger hostesses had not exploited, and her reputation, she felt, hung on her being their first introducer. After her Wagnerian experiences, she dared not profit by the change of public opinion in his favour; she took but the scantiest notice of the Englishmen who were gradually bringing about a renaissance of music close to her doors, and entirely without her knowledge (for she got very short-sighted in middle life); she tried to persuade her friends that Moszcowski was about to set the Thames on fire; and she has had more than one elderly and quite respectable flirtation with popular foreign composers. In fact, low be it spoken, our old friend manifested, in these years, some of the characteristics of one particular kind of snob—namely, that which, professing the habits, tone, and even the little weaknesses of the aristocracy, fails to disguise the fact that it is of the *bourgeoisie* at bottom. Always of late

years she has tolerated, if not actually adored, musical fireworks of all kinds, while posing as a patroness of the severely classical; and this tendency has resulted in the undeniable fact that her list of executants is a far more complete and representative one than the catalogue of composers whose works she has brought forward. In the last few seasons her taste in this direction seemed to have been getting a good deal better, and her choice of music showed that she was alive, as in the days of her youth, to what was the best of its kind; but the latent snob came out on one sad occasion last year, when she offered Madame Patti the entirely incongruous decoration of her Beethoven medal.

Mr. Maitland has also some remarks to make on the Philharmonic orchestra. His conviction is that the players are much too good. There is hardly a member of the orchestra who does not consider himself a great artist, and therefore entitled to take his own way under most of the conductors. But Mr. Maitland surely forgets that the Philharmonic orchestra is not composed of players exclusively engaged for the Society's seven concerts. Over thirty of them were accounted for last season at a Henschel concert, and they are constantly found playing elsewhere. If these men are too good for the Philharmonic, why are not they too good for the other concerns in which they take part?

## Sir Frederick Ouseley.

WHETHER or not the life of Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley was worth writing is a question which one answers somewhat doubtfully. Ouseley was by no means a great man; nor did he attain to any very high rank in the musical world. His interests were all centred around the question of church music; and although he held the Oxford Chair of Music for thirty-four years, his musical brethren never forgot that he was practically an amateur, and he went to his grave feeling keenly that somehow he had not received quite fair play as a musician. Yet Ouseley did a work in his own generation that is of real and abiding value. He was a man who had one set purpose in life, and that purpose, despite certain failures of complete success, he fulfilled. It may therefore be interesting to dwell for a little on some outstanding points in his career as we find these set down in Mr. F. W. Joyce's recently published *Life*.

Sir Frederick came of an old family which traced its descent away back to 1486, when a certain Thomas Ouseley was living at St. Winifred's, Salop. The family went to Ireland about the middle of the seventeenth century, and there it is said that the Wesleys and the Wellesleys sprang from the Ouseley stock. Sir Frederick's father, Gore Ouseley, went out to India to seek his fortune at the age of seventeen, and ultimately retired from diplomatic service with a baronetcy and a pension of £5,000 a year. It is perhaps not without importance to note that he was musical—played the violin, besides several other instruments, and was one of the chief founders of the Royal Academy of Music. The only doubtful point about his character was his mode of Sunday observance, which took the form of ivory-turning! However, the mother was pious, and as great men are said to take after their mothers, we are not surprised that the future Sir Frederick became pious too.

Of that same Frederick's babyhood there are some wonderful stories told: indeed, we are quite astonished at the simple, child-like faith of Mr. Joyce in recording such absurd fables as are to be found in the earlier pages of his book. When baby Ouseley was cutting his first teeth, they would take him to the piano and play to him to allay the irritation. He seems to have cut all his teeth in this delightful manner. Then he is recalled to us as sitting on his sister's knee, "picking out tunes on the piano at three years old." In fact, "he could play almost before he could talk." When he was a little over three, his sisters were taking down his first composition. When he was four, he played to the servants to dance to. If the father blew his nose, the child would sing out the note upon which the operation was founded. And so on.

Even the sober Dr. Ayrton, editor of *The Harmonicon*, went into raptures and made himself very foolish by declaring that this wonder-child far excelled Mozart at the same age. The Duchess of Hamilton went to hear him play, and was affected even to tears. Malibran, too, came to worship at his shrine, and "cried almost to hysterics." It is pathetic to read all this gush now when Ouseley's life record is before us. No doubt there is a substratum of truth in the statements just quoted, but that they are wildly exaggerated can hardly be doubted. In any case Ouseley made the fatal mistake of depending almost entirely on his natural musical gifts to carry him through the musical world. He used himself to say, "I have never been taught music: all my musical knowledge has been evolved out of the depths of my inner consciousness." This was a foolish boast, if he had only known it. Mr. Joyce tells us that in his later years one of the things that troubled him greatly was the neglect with which he felt himself to have been treated by the musical world generally. He chose to put this down to his rank and his fortune; but there is no doubt that if he *did* suffer from professional jealousy it was just because he had never qualified himself in a regular way for the duties he sought to discharge. When men who have made a special study of their calling see young amateurs stepping into the best posts, it is only natural that they should regard the interlopers as enemies, and, disregarding the injunctions of Scripture, love them not. No doubt Ouseley read widely and studied deeply in the theory of music, and he seems to have had a special gift of extemporising fugues on the organ. But he was a pedant after all, writing his daily canon as if his life depended upon the exercise. He grumbled loudly because organists did not play his compositions at recitals, and all the while forgot that he was producing nothing but the dry bones of musical composition. This much it seems necessary to say here as an offset to the laudation of Ouseley's prodigy tricks and the vaunted advantage of his having "never been taught music." We may see its further bearing later on.

Ouseley went to Oxford in 1843. He did not distinguish himself greatly in his studies, but he came out with a B.A., and presently went in for Holy Orders. He was licensed to a curacy at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, but there was a very high ritual there at the time, and the so-called "Popery riots" of 1850 led to his resignation of the post. After this Ouseley set off for a long tour on the Continent. He got to Rome, and, unlike Mr. Joseph Bennett, did not care for the music he heard there one little bit. The organs were all bad, the singers were execrable, and the compositions were not worth mentioning. When he arrived at Dresden, he was



so delighted with the choir-boys there that he wrote home advising every precentor and choirmaster to take a trip and get a lesson. At the Thomas Kirche in Leipzig he had the same experience; and he at once wrote home to say that if we wanted such singing in England we must get our choir-boys from a higher grade of society, and not, as is generally the case, from the lower and middle grades. He tried organs everywhere, and the natives used to come and ask when the English gentleman was going to play. He had a notion that the instruments in different countries were very expressive of the characteristics of the people. Thus the German organs were like the English, round and full-toned; the French were noisy and reedy; the Italian and Spanish mellow and soft. Not a bad classification certainly, but only to be accepted on very broad lines.

All the time that he was abroad Ouseley was casting about in his mind for his life-work. That it was to be in connection with music and the church he had fairly decided; and as his father was now dead and he had a handsome income at command, he was in no way restricted. In the end he decided that he would give his life and the greater part of his fortune to the founding and carrying on of a college for the training of choir-boys. Accordingly a site was secured at Tenbury in the wilds of Worcestershire, and there St. Michael's Church and College were reared and opened in 1856. Practically this was the first collegiate church founded in England since the Reformation; and down in that rural retreat there were some grave misgivings as to the wisdom of setting up an institution of the kind, all the more so that Ouseley had been connected with the "Popish" ritual at St. Barnabas. The people around certainly appear to have been simple enough to believe anything. The lectern eagle did not turn out quite a success, and an old dame who attended evening service in the church, when asked her experiences, answered, "Oh, yes, I got a good seat—right up anunst the turkey." Only a few miles off there was a church where the hymn-tunes were ground out by a barrel organ for the requisite number of verses. No one sang, but the people read the words silently to themselves. Ouseley and his fine daily choral services must have seemed somewhat out of place amid such surroundings, but it was soon seen that the man was earnest and devout, and by-and-by the bucolics began to be proud of the fine institution in their midst. St. Michael's Church and College are likely to become the only lasting memorial of Sir Frederick. The place is now liberally endowed, and its successful continuance for all time coming seems to be assured. One of the features of the institution is the fine library of some 2,000 volumes which Ouseley got together. Many of the works are excessively rare, and perhaps on the whole there is no finer private collection in the country. One of the treasures is a MS. score of *The Messiah*, partly in the composer's autograph.

Shortly after obtaining the Hereford precentorship—a post of no pecuniary value—Ouseley succeeded Sir Henry R. Bishop in the Chair of Music at Oxford. This was a great blow to the musical profession, who looked upon Sir Frederick as an outsider, and could not reconcile themselves to the thought of an amateur thus robbing them of one of their plums. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Ouseley was not unsuccessful at Oxford. He considerably raised the standard of examination for degrees; he did away with the expensive performance of the Mus. Bac. exercise; and he introduced the Arts test. His earnestness of purpose led to the "plucking" of many candidates, and he paid for it in sundry annoyances. One man on having his exercise returned wrote to tell the Professor that he had always suspected his incompetency, and now he was sure of it. Another defeated candidate followed him about Oxford weeping bitterly, until Ouseley had to dodge him by getting out at a friend's back door. Another case, known to the present writer, but not mentioned by Mr. Joyce, was that in which a poor fellow pleaded for his degree on the ground that his failure would kill his wife. Such are the woes of professors. Yet surely they may be lightly borne by one who has to lecture but once in each term.

With all his pedantry and old-fashioned dignity, Ouseley was

not without the saving quality of humour. He delighted to tell as well as to hear good stories, and many of his anecdotes and sallies are worth quoting. He used to recount with delight how after one of his organ recitals in the Sheldonian, he received the following note: "SIR,—We blowed for you on Tuesday. Is we to be paid? And is you to pay us? Yours, THE BLOWISTS." There was, too, the famous peroration of a certain speech said to have been delivered by an Oxford alderman, which he never tired of repeating: "And, in conclusion, when I see before me the spontaneous dome of the Radcliffe Library, the basilisk of Blenheim, and the merryanderings of the river Cherwell, I feel gratified—nay! more, I feel proud to think that I have discharged my civic duties without partiality, on the one hand, and without impartiality on the other." Once a week at Tenbury there used to be instrumental practices, in which most of the staff of St. Michael's were expected to take part. The double-bass player was rather remiss in his attendance, and one day Ouseley took him to task. "Please, Sir Frederick," was the excuse, "I am very sorry, but I have *mislaid* my double-bass." This same musician would never use a short word where he could find a long one. There was to be a burial in the churchyard, and some discussion arose as to what depth the grave was to be dug. At last the matter was summed up by the double-bass man announcing: "The parties desire profundity." As has been already remarked, when Ouseley first went to Tenbury he was received with some suspicion. One lady in the neighbourhood was especially anxious on the matter, and meeting a little girl on the road, she accosted her as follows: "Oh, my poor, pretty child, they will be sure to make a nun of you!" When Sir Frederick had made a friend of his enemy, he took her to task for what she had said. But she stoutly maintained her position, resting her theological opinions on this statement: "I must know, for I am great-niece to Hervey's *Meditations*!" The same lady once heard Sir Frederick play the overture to *Esther* on the organ, and thanked him for "that beautiful chorus of Handel's!" "Well, it is an overture," said Ouseley; "not exactly a chorus." "Indeed, I think I ought to know," was the answer, "considering my great-aunt once heard Handel play on the organ."

Ouseley had some curious experiences when out visiting. At one house he was entertained with a performance of the "Hallelujah Chorus" on *three flutes*! On another occasion he was staying with an eccentric clergyman who had a mania for musical boxes. On the arrival of the Professor at the vicarage five or six of these instruments, all playing different tunes, were set a-going, as a kind of musical *salvo*. At the close of a lecture which he gave in the schoolroom another musical box proceeded to grind out the "Hallelujah Chorus." Nor was this all. On the lecturer's return to the vicarage the musical box reception was resumed. One box was playing in the hall as he entered; one played throughout dinner in the dining-room; one played after dinner in the drawing-room. At last came bedtime, when the unhappy professor hoped for peace. But lo! another box was awaiting him at his bedside. On and on it played. At last, in a kind of awful nightmare, the listener heard the tune run down with a feeble gasp at an unresolved discord. When the maid came in in the morning, she wound up the box, and Sir Frederick awoke to the resolution of the chord. After breakfast, needless to say, the visitor was eager to catch his train. But a further ordeal had to be faced. Time was arranged for a visit to the church, where the organ, containing three barrels of twelve tunes each, proceeded to wind out its whole series of thirty-six. The railway station was reached just in time; and the host's last words were, "Thank you, indeed, Sir Frederick, and the *next* time you come to us we must manage to give you an even better reception." There was no next time.

Ouseley was never married, and the end came to him, a poor lonely man, with no surviving relations nearer than cousins. He used laughingly to say, when asked why he did not marry, "I prefer my piano to any other wife, because I can always, when desirable, shut her up." By all accounts he would have saved himself a good deal of domestic worry by having a wife, even if he could not always "shut her up." He might, for example, have had less trouble with that page-boy who gave him notice to leave on the ground that he had "no time to think."





## Organ and Choir.



**The Organist in America.** Readers may have observed that there has lately been some correspondence in one or two of the musical journals regarding the condition of affairs which awaits the English organist who determines to try his fortune in America. One of the correspondents was a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists resident in New York, who uttered a solemn warning to his brethren in England against going over to the New World. Now we have an American organist and choirmaster uttering what he calls a counter-warning to English organists not to take the experiences of any single individual as a guide; and yet this same American organist holds out a prospect that is only a very little better than that of the man whom he condemns. Practically, he tells us that there is no chance of the English organist making a decent living in America. To begin with, there is no particular demand for organists of English training except in the Episcopal Church. The denominational churches which pay salaries high enough to tempt a good professional man want above all things a brilliant solo player, and their demand is already pretty well met by a good supply of men whose training has been received in France or Germany, or in America under teachers who have themselves studied on the Continent. Even in the Episcopal Church it seems there are not many posts worth having. Our American friend says that unless you get a thousand dollars a year you may as well be without the post, and you may judge how much of a figure that sum would cut in New York by remembering that a letter-carrier has just the same salary. In any case, there are not so many thousand-dollar appointments going to make it worth your while setting out for America to try and catch one. In New York city there are eighty-six churches, and in only twenty-six of these does the organist's salary reach or exceed the thousand-dollar standard. Of these twenty-six, two are generally believed to pay their organists four thousand dollars a year each, two more give 3,500 dollars, and seven 2,500. Of the 129 churches outside the city, it is doubtful whether a single one pays so high a stipend as a thousand dollars; at most there are not more than two or three. There are perhaps a dozen lucrative posts in other cities, but nowhere else do salaries touch the high-water mark indicated by these New York figures. One thing to be specially noted is, that an organist's appointment in America carries with it no such thing as the "teaching connection" of England. On the whole, it would seem best for our organists to stay at home and cultivate that poverty which Jean Paul declared to be a spur to genius.

**The Organ in Ireland.** The Irish Presbyterian Church, following its Scottish sister, *longo intervallo*, has at last decided that its people shall be allowed to introduce the organ into their services, where they see fit. Indeed, one or two churches have already availed themselves of the liberty thus officially granted. On the other hand, public meetings are being organized in some places to protest against the Assembly's action in sanctioning the use of hymns and instruments, and the first of these was held the other day in Londonderry. A series of resolutions of the most reactionary character were passed, indicating that, if these old fossils had their way, nothing but the Psalms of David would be sung, and not even a tuning-fork be heard throughout the church. Fortunately, the music of the church is not at the mercy of these dodos, and it is being felt at length that men who in many cases would hardly know the difference between the "Old Hundredth" and "Yankee Doodle," are not intended by a gracious Providence to regulate the music of the churches.

**Puritans and Pitch-Pipes.** Speaking of pitch-pipes reminds me how the early New England Puritans dealt with these useful little instruments. They were brought into the singers' gallery, and the pitch was given sneakily and shamefacedly to the choristers. Some of the first pitch-pipes were comical little apple-wood instru-

ments that looked like mouse-traps, and great pains were taken to conceal them as they were passed surreptitiously from hand to hand in the choir. One writer testifies to having seen one which was carefully concealed in a box, that had a leather binding like a book, and which was ostentatiously labelled in large gilt letters "Holy Bible"—a piece of barefaced and unnecessary deception on the part of some pious New England deacon or chorister. From these pitch-pipes the steps were gradual, but they led, as the Puritan divines foresaw, to the general introduction of musical instruments into the meeting. Bass-voils were almost the first musical instruments that were allowed in the New England churches. They were called "Lord's fiddles." Violins were widely opposed; they smacked too much of low tavern dance-music. After much consultation a satisfactory compromise was agreed upon, by which violins were allowed in many meetings, if the performers "would play the fiddle wrong end up." Thus did the sanctimonious Puritans cajole and persuade themselves that an inverted fiddle was not a fiddle at all but a small bass-viol!

**The Musical Committee-Man.** Most of us know something about the Church Musical Committee-man at home. If you are an organist, he is as likely as not to ask you to give him plenty of the "Nux Vomica" stop as to tell you that you are not playing "according to the book" when you add a little counterpoint of your own on the pedals. But the Chicago Committee-man, by all accounts, can give points to his brother of the "old sod." Just listen to the following little tale. The congregation were worshipping temporarily in another church while a new building and a new organ were being got ready for themselves. The organ in the building temporarily occupied was an inferior instrument, but the parson desired the newly-appointed organist to begin his duties at once. The committee-man, who happened to be present when the matter was being discussed, was of a different opinion. "You will only prejudice yourself if you play here," he said to the organist. "You see, this organ hain't got no Vox Humane, and you can't lead no congregation if you hain't got no Vox Humane." If you can command the right nasal twang this will be a good little story for your next dinner-party.

**"Adapted" Hymn-Tunes.** On the subject of hymn-tune adaptations, some one writes sensibly in the current number of *Musical Opinion*. Materials which were never intended for the purpose have been mangled in the most extraordinary way to make hymn-tunes for which there is no need. The adapter proceeds somewhat as follows: Having fixed upon a chorus or solo from some well-known work—which may or may not be suitable to the rhythm of the hymn—he cuts out a portion from the beginning or middle of the movement, which will generally form three lines of, say, a four-line tune. The fourth line not being readily adaptable from the material at hand, he strings together a few chords and boldly tacks them on to the first part, and there is your hymn-tune ready made to order! The following, selected from many others, are a few examples of movements which have been thus maltreated: Kyrie, from Mozart's Twelfth Mass; "Then round about the starry throne," from *Samson*; "What tho' I trace," from *Solomon*; "Angels, ever bright and fair," from *Theodora*; and "How lovely are the messengers," from *St. Paul*. Nor are these adaptations confined to sacred works; secular airs and ditties have been served up as hymn-tunes to be used in the worship of the churches. It is much to be regretted that the editors of the various hymnals do not rigidly exclude these adaptations. Good and skilful composers of original hymn-tunes abound, and there is therefore no possible excuse or extenuation for the making of hymn-tunes out of larger works which were never meant to serve as a quarrying-ground.

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**The Organ in Russia.** Church organs seem to meet with a curious reception in Russia according to the following, with which I met in the course of reading the other day. It appears that the British and American Congregational Church, to celebrate the jubilee of its foundation, resolved on getting a new organ; and at a cost of £500 obtained from London an instrument which duly arrived at Cronstadt. Here the difficulties began. There were forty cases, and these happened to arrive in two ships, thirty-two in one and eight in another. Church organs are practically unknown in Russia, where the ecclesiastical music is entirely vocal. The only instrument known corresponding to the organ is one which is found in every tea-house, and is of the nature of a musical-box with a few pipes. Well, the Custom-house officials at Cronstadt claimed duty on six organs, declaring that there were pipes enough for so many! After long negotiations the organ was allowed to pass through under protest, and its erection was carried on under the eye of the Customs authorities. Two officials with swords stood at the door of the church and watched every one going out to see that he did not take an organ away with him! It is a fortunate circumstance that the term a "pair of organs," to denote one instrument, has become obsolete.

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**A Query.** What does Dr. Spark mean by saying in his *Musical Reminiscences* that he was the first composer, "by express permission of the inspired poet Keble," to set music to his evening hymn "Abide with me"? Keble did not write "Abide with me." Dr. Spark must surely mean, "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear," on which presumption we may let him tell his story. It came about in this way, he says. "Before the Marchioness of Lothian embraced the Romish faith, she used frequently to visit Dr. Hook and attend the services at Leeds Parish Church, and it was after one of the full choral Friday evening services, when I had been presiding at the organ, that her ladyship asked the venerated vicar to let me go to Jedburgh to play the organ at the opening of the new church she had built there. The Rev. John Keble, whose *Christian Year* is now so loved and cherished throughout Christendom, was the preacher on the occasion, and after the morning service he kindly asked me to walk round the grounds of the castle with him. Never shall I forget that ramble, or the sweet, kindly counsel which the hoary man gave me, and which resulted in my setting music to some of his divine poems." There does not seem to be the right relationship of cause and effect between the "kindly counsel" and the music; but perhaps Dr. Spark means that the ramble led to the music.

## The Month's Obituary.

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**T**HE death of THÉODORE CESAR SALOMÉ is an event which must be of specially sad interest to organists, who have long been familiar with his charming compositions for their instrument. Salomé was born at Paris in January, 1834, and having studied at the Paris Conservatoire under Benoist and Ambrose Thomas, he began his career by coming out next to Dubois as the winner of the Grand Prix de Rome. For many years he has been associated with Guilman as organist at La Trinité, Paris, Salomé taking the accompaniments on the smaller instrument, while Guilman presided at the larger. His organ compositions, as already indicated, are too well known to require much comment. There are three volumes, each containing ten lovely pieces, among them the popular Cantilene in A minor, a Grand Chœur, a Sonata in C minor, an Offertoire in D flat, and three charming Canons. These works are perhaps more played in England than in the composer's own country. Salomé was a clever pianist, and although his compositions for the instrument are not so well known here as in France, they may be warmly recommended to players. The deceased musician's modest, unpretentious but worthful character had gained for him the warmest affection of all Parisian music-lovers.

The late JOSEPH ALFRED NOVELLO, who died recently at Genoa, was the founder of the music firm of Novello, Ewer & Co. He was also the inventor of a system of rollers for ocean steam navigation, by which the risks of shipwreck were to be reduced to a minimum. Of this invention, says the *Daily News*, Alfred Novello was probably more proud than of the introduction of the cheap "octavo edition" which first made oratorio music really popular. He believed firmly in his rollers, and his last visit to London from his Italian retreat about eight years ago was to assure the world by advertisement that his patent was withdrawn, so that every shipbuilder might use it. Of this permission it is to be feared the majority have not availed themselves.

The family of Vincent Novello (1781-1861), chorister at Sardinia Chapel in the last century, one of the founders of the Philharmonic Society, and the friend of Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Keats and Hazlitt, was a very remarkable one. Clara Novello, one of the most distinguished oratorio sopranos of her

time, is, after thirty-six years of retirement, still living in Italy. Another daughter is Mrs. Cowden Clarke, part author of the "Shakespeare Concordance." Another, also a singer, became the wife of T. J. Serle, actor and journalist; and yet another, Mary Sabilla Novello, was a famous soprano. These were all sisters of the deceased Alfred Novello, who in his younger days was a basso and choir-master of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, and sang in one of the earliest London performances of *Elijah*. He was also adapter of the English version of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and the author of sundry musical treatises. As a boy of nineteen, however, Alfred Novello started in business as a music publisher at 67, Frith Street. His adoption of stereotyping and of Messrs. Clowes' system of movable music type printing helped him on, and in 1834 he removed to 69, Dean Street, where the present Novello firm has still its printing offices. In 1836 he started the now defunct *Musical World*, and in the same year he published Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, which—sold now for a shilling—cost then thirty-two shillings. In 1846 he started the *Musical Times*, the music given away with which furnished the idea of the "octavo edition." The *Messiah* was the first oratorio issued in this way, in twelve monthly numbers at sixpence each; and it was so extraordinarily successful that other now popular oratorios quickly followed. In 1857, the year of the first Handel festival at the Crystal Palace, the *Messiah* was published at 1s. 4d. The impetus given to choir singing by the issue of this cheap music was enormous. Indeed, no step has perhaps ever been taken by a music publisher which has done so much good. It effected a revolution, and a revolution of the most beneficent kind. It has done more than anything else to make good music popular in the best sense of the word, and it opened a way in which many other excellent publishers have since thought fit to follow his example. It is pleasant to reflect that the step, risky at it seemed at the time, eventually made the fortune of its author, and has benefited alike himself, the world of music-lovers, and the art itself. Alfred Novello took a very active part in the agitation against the paper and advertisement duties, but in 1866 he retired in favour of his former clerk and manager, the late Henry Littleton, since whose death the firm has been carried on by the younger Littletons, Mr. Clayton, and other partners. Alfred Novello had reached the advanced age of eighty-six.



## Papers on Pianoforte Study.

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## SONATA IN E FLAT. OP. 7. BEETHOVEN.

*Allegro molto e con brio*, in E flat.  
*Largo con gran espressione*, in C.  
*Allegro e minore*, in E flat.  
*Poco allegretto e grazioso*, in E flat.

**L**ENZ, in speaking of this sonata, says: "This composition is already a thousand leagues in advance of the three first sonatas. Here the lion shakes violently the bars of the cage in which a pitiless pedantry still holds him imprisoned. In the *largo con gran espressione*, we cannot fail to recognise the approach of a new order of things as regards chamber music. This beautiful movement is an inspired oratorio interpreted by the piano; a tear dropped from the eyes of Our Lady into the valley of misery inhabited by man."

That the sonata shows a marked advance in originality on those which preceded it is beyond question; but its superiority over those fine works is not so vast as Beethoven's biographer would have us believe.

The opening movement is distinctly of a pastoral character, and, in material and style, as fresh and original as anything of the kind which Beethoven has left us. The following analysis will indicate its form:

## DIVISION 1.

- Bars 1-17. First subject, in E flat.  
 " 17-59. Connecting episode.

## DIVISION 2.

- Bars 59-127. Second subject, in B flat.  
 " 127- Coda, in B flat.

## DIVISION 3.

- Bars 137-188. Working out.

## DIVISION 4.

- Bars 189-201. Return of first subject, shortened.  
 " 201-239. Connecting episode.

## DIVISION 5.

- Bars 239-307. Second subject, in E flat.  
 Bar 307. Coda, in E flat.

The second subject is considered by some writers to commence at bar 41, but the quaver passages (41-59) resemble preceding ones so closely as to suggest that the composer intended them as a sort of prelude to the more characteristic theme at bar 59. The second subject proper may be said to consist of more or less distinct parts:—1st part, 59-93; 2nd part, 93-111; 3rd part, 111-127.

This movement, although a long and somewhat complicated one, is not beyond the powers of a well-trained amateur. There are, of course, difficulties to overcome, and points which require careful bringing out; but the earnest student will find himself more than repaid by the result of his work for any pains expended on it.

The first figure of the opening theme is in two-bar rhythm. This should be made clear by slightly emphasizing the lower E flats in the bass, as well as the dotted minim chords in the treble. Observe the change of fingers on the repeated notes in the left hand, so often disregarded by young players. At the 25th bar and onwards, the contrast between the *ff* chords and the answering *pp staccato* octaves must be very great, the latter being played with all possible delicacy. There is another light, airy passage at bar 35, which cannot be treated too daintily. In the striking figure in the bass at bar 41, the *sf* note must be strongly marked, and when, a little later, it appears in the upper part, it will be necessary to leave the first quaver as quickly as possible, in order to make sure of striking the high F boldly and in time. The entry

of the second subject should be calm and measured; and the *crescendo*, when it appears, should be worked up quickly to the great *ff* chords in the 79th and two following bars. The modulation here to the key of C major, and the subsequent return to B flat, are veritable master-strokes. The peroration commencing at bar 101 is especially interesting. Some of the long stretches in the semiquavers will be found difficult to play smoothly.

I have known young players stumble over the scale passages in contrary motion at the beginning of the working-out section. Now that the minor scales with the augmented second are so generally practised, there will be less danger of this. Do not overlook the direction *ff* at the return of the first subject. The coda is characteristic of Beethoven. It is not a mere repetition of the first coda, but a *résumé* of the entire movement.

The *largo* is one of the most remarkable slow movements belonging to Beethoven's earlier period. The opening subject in the key of C major (an unusual key for the second movement of a sonata in E flat) is calm and impressive in character, to which the impassioned episode in A flat forms a striking contrast. The delicate *staccato* accompaniment commencing at bar 25 must be played softly and lightly. Observe the double-dotted notes a little later. Be sure to give them their full value, and make the demisemiquavers correspondingly short. Play the quaver octaves in the 49th and 50th bars smoothly and connectedly, and the right-hand chords in the latter bar *staccato* and very softly. The original subject, followed by its attendant episode, reappears, considerably varied and developed at bar 51, and in its new form calls for careful study. The concluding bars of the movement, in which the opening phrases of the primary subject are accompanied by a descending chromatic bass, are particularly beautiful.

The *allegro* or *scherzo*, as it is sometimes rather inaptly styled, begins with a melodious theme, which is so straightforward as to need no explanation. The same may be said of the gloomy *minore*, with its frequent *ff*'s on the first of the bar.

The following analysis will show the somewhat elaborate plan of the *rondo*:

- |      |          |   |
|------|----------|---|
| Bars | 1-17.    | First subject, in E flat.                     |
| "    | 17-37.   | Episode.                                      |
| "    | 37-49.   | Second subject, in B flat.                    |
| "    | 49-51.   | Connecting passage.                           |
| "    | 51-65.   | First subject, curtailed; and connecting bar. |
| "    | 65-91.   | Third subject, in C minor.                    |
| "    | 91-97.   | Connecting passage.                           |
| "    | 97-113.  | First subject, varied.                        |
| "    | 113-133. | Episode.                                      |
| "    | 133-146. | Second subject, in E flat.                    |
| "    | 146-170. | First subject, varied.                        |
| "    | 170.     | Coda.   |

What could be more charmingly fresh and tuneful than the opening theme? Play it lightly and gracefully; do not forget that it is *piano* throughout. Give out the figure in the left hand, with which the episode begins, very boldly, observing, however, that the three following quavers written in the treble are *piano*. The right-hand notes must, of course, be kept soft until bar 27, when the *f* applies to both parts. The third subject, introduced by the unexpected B natural (bar 64), is strongly opposed in character to what has gone before, and will be found rather difficult to play on account of the demisemiquaver passages in the bass. Practise these singly; they are excellent work for the left hand. Note the frequently accented fourth beat in this portion of the movement. The chromatic transition to the key of E major, at bar 160 is one of the most noteworthy features of this *rondo*; another, not less important, is the *pianissimo* ending.



## Selected Subjects.

### A POINT ABOUT MOZART'S "DON JUAN."

**P**ARTICULAR attention should be drawn to the performances of Mozart's *Don Juan* now being given at the Residenz Theater of Munich, for a question of much artistic importance may be settled by their means. The question is this—whether we have been right in drawing that immortal work more and more into the class of tragic opera. And the point is not limited to *Don Juan* alone. Have we not been guilty of perverting the spirit of many other works by infusing into them a spirit of seriousness or intensity which they were never intended to have? If it be said, as a writer in a contemporary remarks, that this "intense" treatment is the only one suited to the present age, be it so; but then let it be clearly understood that we are neither performing, nor understanding, nor appreciating the work as its author intended. Beethoven's *Fidelio* has also been produced at the same theatre, in the same spirit—that is, keeping it within the limits of a domestic tragedy. Thus the first half of Act I. is made to take place in the ordinary sitting-room of Rocco's house, whereby a certain domestic air is given to the whole scene, which suits the character of the music. And we would take this opportunity to suggest that Leonora, at the close of the prison scene, should go and change her boy's dress for the ordinary dress of her sex. A lady such as Leonora would certainly do so; and we believe much would be gained by her re-entry during the chorus in her proper costume. Possibly this change may have been made at Munich, but we have never seen it done in England, and it has always struck us as a hindrance to the success of the opera that the heroine is never seen dressed as a woman.

### THE OLD-TIME MUSICIAN'S SOCIAL POSITION.

Last century the musician was held to be only a superior order of servant. He was happy if, like the literary man of Pope's time, he could secure the patronage of some rich nobleman, and this accomplished he was content to perform even menial services, when required. The fact is curiously proved by advertisements of about a hundred years ago, wherein were calls for footmen who were able on occasion to sing in concerted music, and valets who could, when required, sustain second violin or viola in a string quartet. All this arose mainly, of course, from the circumstance that the musician could not at that time get his living directly by public favour. Haydn was treated entirely as a menial by the Esterhazys until after he had won popular success in London. In early years he was Porpora's bootblack, and it was only when he was world-famous that he was able to break the fetters of an iron caste. With Mozart the case was far worse; in the first place, he had a far more sensitive and less servile nature than Haydn; and, secondly, his master, the Archbishop of Salzburg, was a much greater "cad" than Prince Esterhazy. On one occasion, when Mozart ventured to demand a slightly better position he was kicked out of the room. Schubert, when teaching at the castle of the Esterhazys, was content to associate with the servants on a footing of equality. It is only in this century that the status of the musician has been socially raised to its proper level. Nor was it Beethoven who wrought the change. He, to be sure, roundly abused his princely patrons even while receiving their favours, and shocked the courtier and poet Goethe by pushing in his shirt-sleeves through a gathering of noblemen whom he met during one of his rambles; but this was a kind of bearishness that pleased them even because of its odd flavour, and they looked upon Beethoven as a strange and uncouth animal, to be supported simply because of his oddity. It was Liszt, however, who first thoroughly claimed the standing of a true position, and in a manner worthy of a gentleman, too. When, on his return from one of his concert tours, he met the Princess Metternich in a salon crowded with nobility, and

was asked by her whether he had done a good business, he replied severely: "I make music, madam, not business!" And in that remark the dignity of the position of the musical artist was first announced to the fashionable world.

### JEWISH MUSIC.

The Synagogue service in its most characteristic form is not to be heard in Great Portland Street or Bayswater, but in Aldgate. The West End congregations, as Mr. Curwen told us some years ago, are sparse and composed of the higher classes; while the Synagogues in the East End are crowded with the middle and lower grades. Drop into the great Synagogue in Duke Street, Aldgate, and if you are fortunate enough to find a seat you will be struck with the strangeness of the scene. Nor will the music fail to strike you. Upon that interesting subject, Mr. Morris Marks, himself a Hebrew, recently read a paper to the members of the Tonic Sol-fa Composition Club in London. Jewish music, Mr. Marks explained, varies in age, from the melodies sung during the forty years in the wilderness down to compositions by living writers. The Psalms and Canticles of the Temple, with the melodies to which they were sung, are still used in the Synagogue. The antiphonal chanting is between precentor and congregation, not between two halves of the choir. The inflections used in chanting by the precentor were due originally to the natural expression of feeling, and then became fixed by tradition. The choir and the organ are modern features of Synagogue worship, and the organ gains ground in spite of conservative opposition. There is now no Synagogue of importance that has not a choir. The question of employing women's voices has come to be regarded as purely one of ritual.

### ATHLETICS AND MUSIC.

Is the bicycle craze inimical to the interests of music? That would appear to be the most pressing theme for discussion at present. It was seriously stated that the spring concert season in America suffered materially from the prevailing cult of the "bike," and the same complaint has more recently been heard in London. Nine-tenths of our metropolitan concert-goers are ladies, and the enormous increase in the ranks of feminine votaries of the wheel has certainly been the great feature of cycloedom within the last year. The new hobby, however, as a contemporary remarks, operates disadvantageously to music in more ways than one. It not only lures ladies from the concert-room, and induces them to spend their leisure and their pocket-money on pastime instead of art, but it is already alleged to be impairing the dexterity and suppleness of their digits. An expert in palmistry has discovered that "the bicycle hand is a thing of ugliness and a horror for ever. It becomes flattened, bulges out at the sides, gets lumpy and out of shape, and the fingers all become crooked," results which are due to the habit of clutching the handle of the machine. We have not yet seen in any of the medical papers whether the practice of bicycling exerts any influence, deleterious or otherwise, on the human voice; but of its popularity amongst operatic vocalists there can be no longer any doubt. Of course it stands to reason that instrumentalists, in comparison with vocalists, are considerably handicapped, as regards indulging in athletic pastimes, by the necessity of keeping their fingers supple. It would never do for Mr. Borwick to keep wicket to Richardson's "expresses," or for Sarasate to field point when Mr. Stoddart is batting. Still there are open-air pastimes in which even instrumentalists can take part in moderation, notably golf, and we are glad to see that at the recent match at Furzedown, the musicians, though defeated, made a very fair show against the actors. Conductors and composers, so long as they are in the happy position of being able to devote themselves exclu-

exclusively to conducting and composing, suffer from no such drawbacks as those inherent in the status of instrumental performers. Indeed, one can well imagine Herr Mottl attaining to eminence as a heavy-weight boxer or a forward in the Rugby game!

#### THE "BLUE DANUBE" WALTZ: HOW IT ORIGINATED.

It was the linen cuff and the quick thought of the woman who wore it that gave us one of the prettiest of the tuneful Strauss waltzes. Johann Strauss and his wife were one day enjoying a stroll in the park at Schovan, when suddenly the composer exclaimed: "My dear, I have a waltz in my head. Quick, give me a scrap of paper or an old envelope. I must write it down before

I forget it." Alas! After much rummaging of pockets, it was found that neither of them had a letter about them—not even a tradesman's bill. Strauss' music is considered light, but it weighed heavy as lead on his brain until he could transfer it to paper. His despair was pathetic. At last a happy thought struck Frau Strauss. She held out a snowy cuff. The composer clutched it eagerly, and in two minutes that cuff was manuscript. Its mate followed; still the inspiration was incomplete. Strauss was frantic, and was about to make a wild dash for home, with the third part of his waltz ringing uncertainly in his head—his own linen was limp coloured calico—when suddenly his Frau bethought herself of her collar, and in an instant the remaining bars of "The Blue Danube" decorated its surface.

## Accidentals.

**A**T a *soirée musicale*, a lady who is in the habit of singing off the key addressed Massenet, the composer: "Dear maestro, I have been requested to sing the grand aria from the *Cid*. You have no idea how frightened I am."

"Not so much as I am," replied the composer with a sickly smile.

The Exeter Oratorio Society is this year celebrating its jubilee. The Society dates from October 22, 1846, when about twenty gentlemen met, under the presidency of Mr. Michael Rice, and took the preliminary steps.

The National Eisteddfod next year is to be held at Newport, Mon., only a three hours' journey from London.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is about to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Music upon Mr. W. G. McNaught. When Oxford and Cambridge cease from dubbing the foreigner with degrees, perhaps these absurd Canterbury distinctions will take end.

The Glasgow Society of Musicians offer a prize of £20 for the best trio, quartet, or quintet for piano and strings, or piano and wind instruments.

Professor Prout, says Bach, is dry only until you know him. In the words of a popular song, "He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him first." And he requires a good deal of knowing, for he has an idiom of his own unlike that of any other composer.

At a concert, speaking of an orchestral player who began his career as an oboist and then took to playing the bassoon, Dr. S. S. Wesley said: "He used to tell people that he began with a *toothpick* and finished with a *bedpost*."

A second Bach Festival will be held at Queen's Hall on April 6, 8 and 10, 1897. The principal works to be performed are the *St. Matthew Passion* and the Mass in B minor.

*Truth* says that there was a competition in the Rhondda Valley for the best singing of a Welsh hymn by men over 60. The judge declared three competitors equal, not being aware that the prize consisted of a new pair of trousers!

Mr. Charles Wood advises the engagement of Roman Catholic organists in churches of that communion, because they must "understand the mind of the Church with regard to the music better than those Protestants and Freemasons," who so often obtain these appointments. No doubt. But what has Freemasonry to do with the matter?

Mr. F. G. Edwards is engaged on a volume upon the interesting subject of "The History of the Introduction of Bach's music into England." The work will be ready at the end of the year.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie will conduct the next season of the Philharmonic Society. Among the artists who have already promised to appear are Paderewski (who will produce Mackenzie's new Scottish fantasia), Rosenthal, D'Albert, Reisenauer, Sophie Menter, Sapellnikoff and Sauer. The directors elected for the

current year are Messrs. Berger, Gilbert, Cummings, Mount, Gardner, Robinson and Oscar Beringer.

The Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall will commence their first season under Professor Bridge on October 29, the series of concerts extending to May 6. The arrangements will be practically on the scale of last season.

Augusta Holmes, the Parisian composer, says she paid Wagner a visit when she was very young, and found that he played the piano in a most unsatisfactory manner. Moreover he sang "so false to the pitch" that, in spite of her enthusiastic admiration, she was quite shocked.

The Handel Festival is fixed for June 11, 14, 16 and 18 next year.

The late Sir Augustus Harris, excusing himself for employing foreign orchestral players, said: "I have tried the instrumentalists from the various London musical colleges; they are of no use." The impresario's memory is to be perpetuated by a monument at his grave in Brompton Cemetery and a bust in the rotunda of Drury Lane Theatre.

M. Louis Pecscai, the young violinist who recently made his London *début*, has resolved to place himself under Joachim for composition as well as for playing.

Mascagni has undertaken to compose a new opera on a Japanese subject. The work will be brought out at La Scala next season. The composer is also said to be preparing for publication a volume of verse.

A ridiculous rumour has been circulated that Mr. Edward Lloyd is about to retire. The *canard* was, it appears, circulated owing to Mr. Lloyd's change of residence. He has given up his house at Tulse Hill, and taken one at Brighton, keeping a small flat on in London.

Mr. Hamilton Clarke has been engaged by Sir Henry Irving to write the incidental music to his production of "Cymbeline." Mr. Clarke has in the past done most excellent work for the Lyceum Theatre.

Musical competitions are sometimes held under queer conditions, but a decided novelty was recently invented by a man at Fulham. He offered a prize for young men who were to sing a song, each competitor holding a live pig while he sang! Unfortunately this enterprising caterer was fined £2 and costs for holding his competition in an unlicensed place.

The Antwerp School of Music, now directed by M. Peter Benoit, is shortly to be raised to the dignity of a Royal Conservatoire.

M. Lamoureux and his orchestra will give six concerts in Queen's Hall in November. M. Colonne, with his orchestra, will also give five concerts in London in the autumn. At the first concert Madame Nordica-Döme will be the solo vocalist. A contemporary says she is the kind of singer we want; we are



overstocked with "florid light sopranos"; they are twittering, bird-like, in every concert-room.

Some of our contemporaries have been vying with each other in bringing to light the worst examples of low fees in the teaching world. Can the following be beaten? A pianist was interviewed recently with reference to playing accompaniments for a 'cellist during practice hours at a West-end residence. Terms offered (and declined), four pence per hour.

The Council of the Westminster Orchestral Society, at their meeting on Tuesday last (July 21), decided to book the following dates for the events of the ensuing 1896-97 season: Wednesday, September 30, annual business meeting at Westminster Town Hall, for the election of officers by ballot, at eight; Wednesday, December 16, thirty-fourth grand orchestral concert at Westminster Town Hall, at eight; Saturday, January 30, 1897, the nineteenth chamber concert at Westminster Town Hall, at eight; Thursday, March 25, celebration of the twelfth anniversary of the foundation of the Society; Wednesday, March 31, thirty-fifth grand orchestral concert at Westminster Town Hall, at eight; Wednesday, June 2, thirty-sixth grand orchestral concert, at eight.

M. Louis de Reeder, the violinist, has succeeded M. Rivière as conductor of the band at Olympia.

Mr. Tivadar Nachez has been engaged as solo violinist at the Norwich Festival, and will play a concerto specially written by Mr. Frederic Cliffe.

Emperor Nicholas II. has a pronounced leaning towards music, which he is diligently practising in spite of the new cares of State which take up most of his time. He is a very good pianist and violinist.

The town of Absam, Tyrol, proposes to erect a monument to Jacob Stainer, the master violin maker, who died in 1683. There was once a stone memorial to him, but the wear of time has destroyed it.

A new kind of chin-holder for violinists has been patented. Upon which one of our comics facetiously remarks: "If it can be applied to the chin of the fellow who is always talking during a theatrical performance, the inventor will make a fortune!"

"What is classical music?" asked a lady of a certain musician. "It is music which *must* please you," was the reply; "whether it does or does not is immaterial."

The editorship of the *Musical Standard* has changed once more, Mr. E. Algernon Baughan having resigned.

Mr. Sims Reeves has gone to the Cape, where he is to sing in a series of concerts. He will thus begin his seventy-ninth year as a vocalist in South Africa. To become a father and to be a public singer on the verge of four-score is surely unique!

Wagnerians will be glad to hear that Hermann Levi is now convalescent, and has again taken up some of his duties at Munich.

The three prize-winners at the Band Contest, held in connection with the Music Trades Exhibition, at the Agricultural Hall, were each equipped with a complete set of Messrs. Besson's "Prototype" instruments. On the same day at a great contest held at Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, where twenty bands played, the winners of the first, second, third and fourth prizes also used complete sets of Besson instruments.

Miss Fanny Crosby, the hymn-writer, is now more than seventy years of age. Though she has been blind from birth she is always happy and cheerful. Among the hymns which she has written are "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Rescue the Perishing," and "Come to the Saviour."

After Christmas Evans, the celebrated Welsh preacher, had dared publicly to express thankfulness for Jenny Lind's beautiful singing, a member of his congregation, who was a strait-laced Calvinist, standing on the steps of the pulpit, questioned him as to whether a man dying at one of Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven. "Sir," said Evans, "a Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies; but a fool remains a fool, even on the pulpit steps."

Heir Mahler, the conductor of the German Opera Season in

London a few years ago, has been the cause of a duel between the Director of the Royal Theatre in Budapest and a certain local musical critic. Mahler has written a new symphony, and the duellists no doubt quarrelled about it.

An autumn season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden is spoken of, although matters are not yet so far advanced as at Drury Lane.

It is said that applications for Mr. Best's post at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, have come from nearly all parts of Europe. The salary is £300.

According to the *Daily Mail*, a new prima donna is about to astonish the English people. Her name is Mdle. D'Ashty, and she is "bewitchingly beautiful." Those who have heard her describe her as a second Patti. She will be in London before the year is out.

The Paris Civil Tribunal has just pronounced against the "claque," which is such a recognised institution in all French theatres. It has declared that paid applause is contrary to public order and good manners, and is capable of giving rise to disturbances.

A courteous correspondent writes to say that we were wrong last month in referring to "Signor Franco Novara" as a foreigner. It seems the gentleman's name is Frank Naish. He was a chorister-boy at Salisbury Cathedral, and is a native of the adjoining village of Harnham. He was sent to study by some friends, and when he left his native country made some sort of a name by his impersonation of Mephistopheles in an opera company touring in America. But why should the worthy gentleman want to dub himself "Signor"?

A few days after Meyerbeer's death a young and ardent admirer of his called upon Rossini with an elegy which he had composed in honour of his idol, to ask the maestro's opinion of the effort. "Well, if you really want my honest opinion," observed the caustic composer, after hearing the work, "I think it would have been better if you had died and Meyerbeer had written the elegy."

The Electrophone at Pelican House has been connected with the Grand Opéra, Paris, and you can now hear performances in Paris at your ease in London. It is said that the brass instruments came out well, but that the violins were not so audible. An oboe passage was heard with great distinctness. The female voices were not so clearly heard as the male. The applause is described as like the rustling of leaves.

The *Sun* tells the following story of Jenny Lind and Patti. As likely as not it is untrue. "Patti had just finished one of Violetta's songs at a private house, when a little old lady trotted up to the piano. She came to praise, but remained to find fault with one of Patti's bravura passages. 'But,' said the little old lady, 'that you may not think me a blind man quarrelling about colours, I give you my card.' It said: 'Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.' Patti winced under the lash of her critic, but was quite equal to the occasion. 'Ah, yes, I remember. I have heard my grandmother speak of you.' The old lady made no further remark, and trotted back to her seat." Jenny Lind was never likely to pose as a Patti critic.

A romantic case is that of Miss Walborg Anderson, who a few years ago was a professional nurse in a Copenhagen hospital, and who is now one of the leading singers in the Royal Opera House of the Danish capital. A patient heard her sing and managed to get Government officials interested in her. She was educated at national expense. Continental Governments do these things.

Prince Louis of Bavaria recently published, under the title of "Melancholy," a composition for piano, violin, and violoncello, which the initiated say is an excellent work. And now it is announced that the Landgrave of Hesse has composed a mass in the style of Palestrina.

When the composer Schulze was captured by brigands in the Abruzzi, they demanded one of his own compositions from him, with the result that he sang an *aria* from his latest opera. Before it was ended, the entire band burst into tears, and their captain, offering his hand to Schulze, released him with the words, "So you, too, steal? I never exact anything from a colleague!"





## Notes and Reviews.



BY A MUSIC-SELLER.

CHORAL societies, which have suspended operations during the summer months, will very soon be reassembling, and the appearance of Sir John Stainer's primer of *Choral Society Vocalisation* (Novello) is happily timed. The work, as I remarked last month, is an important one, and its importance is enhanced by the fact that it opens up new ground. For my own part, I always thought the Choral Society was an *acknowledged* training-school for singers. Sir John Stainer, however, who knows more than I can pretend to know about such things, says that its use in this respect is not generally recognised, that "many good members of choral societies, although they fully recognise the benefit and satisfaction of learning great works, feel inwardly that they are doing more good to other people than they are to themselves. They think the society is of no real value to them individually, and for this reason: it may indeed make them better musicians, but it does not make them better singers."

Sir John Stainer considers the method of study usually adopted in choral societies to be unsound, and suggests that the first quarter of an hour or twenty minutes of each practice should be devoted to exercises in vocalisation, such as passages of long-sustained notes, scales, etc. The present work has been written with the object of assisting conductors to carry out this idea. It is divided into four sections (or chapters); the first dealing chiefly with sustained notes, the second with florid passages, the third with chromatic progressions, and the fourth with unfamiliar and difficult intervals.

"The exercises," says the author, "embody most of the difficulties which present themselves to ordinary singers in societies and classes, and I really believe that any conductor who will have the courage to make his choir or society master thoroughly the contents of this little work will be rewarded by finding those under his *bâton* more ready and able to give a good rendering of important works, and more interested in the works themselves, because they will not have heard every unusual or striking progression mauled and battered in the process of learning. Nor will he find it so difficult to get a good attendance at practices; the prospect of getting some tuition in the *art of singing* will make a lukewarm member most anxious not to miss the 'first twenty minutes' during which this tuition is given. Sometimes adults are frightened at the mention of exercises because they think they may be driven through a course of mere baby music; but a peep at the pages which follow will, I hope, prove that plenty of good work is cut out for those who have serious intentions of becoming useful members of a choral society."

In addition to the exercises, valuable instruction is given upon the management of the breath, phrasing, and other important matters; and the hints to conductors at the commencement of the book should not be overlooked by those to whom they are addressed. The suggestion contained in the following paragraph, if properly carried out, could not fail to produce good results.

"It will be found very beneficial to a choral society if quartets or double quartets be organized by friends for the *private* practice of these exercises. If this be done, it would be interesting to have occasional competitions between these quartet parties. But, of course, in this case the more difficult exercises must be selected for competitive study; a few at the end of the work will be found well adapted to the purpose."

Familiar as Sir John Stainer must be with every phase of the subject, he is peculiarly fitted for the task of producing a standard book on *Choral Society Vocalisation*, and that his present work will be accepted as such I have no doubt whatever.

Although not much of a musical antiquarian, I have been greatly interested, as I think many of my customers will be, in a *Selection of Pieces composed for the Harpsichord*, by Bernardo Pasquini (Novello & Co.). These pieces should meet with hearty acceptance at the hands of the pianists not only for their antiquity, but also for their musical qualities. The "Sonata a due Cembali" is especially characteristic, and the arrangement of the harmonies from the original figured bass shows the care with which Mr. J. S. Shedlock has carried out his task as Editor. In a cleverly written preface, Mr. Shedlock gives some interesting particulars of the composer's works, three volumes of which are to be found in the British Museum. Pasquini was one of the celebrated Italian organists of the seventeenth century to whom John Sebastian Bach was so largely indebted.

I have not come across much that is new in the way of violin music this month, but Messrs. Novello send me a delightful *morceau* with the unambitious title, "Melody in A," by the well-known song composer, Frank Moir. This little piece, which is comparatively easy of execution and sufficiently melodious in character to please the most unscientific listener, is well written throughout, a good point being made by the somewhat unusual appearance of the second subject in the key of F. The piano-forte accompaniment is worth playing. How seldom is this so!

I often wonder what becomes of the scores of new songs which make their appearance from week to week. Do they find singers? I fear not. Some of them, a very small proportion, and not always the best, make their way into drawing-rooms, and occasionally figure in the programmes of local musical entertainments; but the majority—well, I won't venture so much as to hint at their fate. I have quite a formidable pile by me now as I write, and cannot attempt to do more than mention one or two of them. "Eldorado," by G. Lardelli (Ashdown), is a pleasing little composition, with an effective change to the minor at the second verse. F. H. Cowen's "To the Night" (Joseph Williams), the words of which are by Shelley, is a song of a totally different type, full of story, dramatic feeling, and may be recommended to those singers who have a soul for what they sing. Some of my friends fail to understand my admiration for the compositions of that clever, vivacious little Frenchwoman, Mlle. Chaminade; but there is an undeniable charm about them which I have never been able to resist. As a large number of my lady customers share the same feeling, I expect a large demand for the two new songs from her pen, "Under your Window" and "The Hour of Mystery" (J. Williams and Enoch & Sons), which are as dainty as anything she has written. Alice Borton is the composer of several very good songs to which I have alluded in former numbers. There is, however, a lack of variety in "Serenade" (Ashdown), and I think it will need all the talent of Messrs. Herbert Grover and Braxton Smith, by whom it is sung, to make the song a very great success. To those who are seeking a really good song for the coming winter I would say, get "The Ould Plaid Shawl," by Battison Haynes (Novello). There is a genuine Irish ring about both words and music which will commend this song to all who sing and all who listen.

Principals of schools and conductors of ladies' singing classes who will very soon be making up their Christmas programmes, will be glad to have their attention called to the "St. Cecilia" collection of two-part songs for treble voices, a useful publication of Mr. Joseph Williams. The newly-issued numbers, which bear the names of Gade, Dessauer, and Weber as composers, will all be found acceptable.

The October "Magazine of Music" will contain Six Original Pieces of Music.



# Sonata

Op. 7.

Der Gräfin Babette von Keglevics gewidmet.

Allegro molto e con brio. (♩. = 126.)

The musical score consists of six systems of piano and bass staves. The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic and a forte (f) dynamic. The second system features a piano (p) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (p) dynamic. The fourth system features a piano (p) dynamic. The fifth system includes a fortissimo (ff) dynamic and a pianissimo (pp) dynamic. The sixth system features a piano (p) dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and articulation marks.



First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff begins with an *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking. The music is in a key with two flats and a 3/4 time signature.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble staff has a *sf* (sforzando) dynamic marking. The bass staff has a *f* (forte) dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *sf* (sforzando) dynamic marking. The bass staff has a *f* (forte) dynamic marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The system includes a section labeled "Oder:" with a key signature change to one flat.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The bass staff has a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking.





This page of musical notation consists of six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is written in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The notation is highly detailed, featuring numerous slurs, ties, and dynamic markings. The first system includes the instruction "sempre ff" (sempre fortissimo) and "sf" (sforzando). The second system features a complex melodic line in the right hand with many slurs and ties. The third system has a similar complex melodic line in the right hand. The fourth system features a complex melodic line in the right hand with many slurs and ties. The fifth system features a complex melodic line in the right hand with many slurs and ties. The sixth system features a complex melodic line in the right hand with many slurs and ties. The page number "612" is centered at the bottom.

This page contains six systems of musical notation for a piano piece. The notation is written for both the right and left hands on grand staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. The piece features a variety of musical elements:

- System 1:** Starts with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The right hand plays chords, while the left hand has a continuous eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *ff* and *fp*.
- System 2:** Features flowing sixteenth-note passages in both hands, with slurs indicating phrasing.
- System 3:** Continues the sixteenth-note texture. Dynamics include *sf* (sforzando) and *f*.
- System 4:** Similar to the previous system, with intricate sixteenth-note figures. Dynamics include *sf* and *f*.
- System 5:** The texture changes, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand having a more active line. Dynamics include *ff*, *p* (piano), *decresc.* (decrescendo), and *pp* (pianissimo).
- System 6:** The piece concludes with a return of the sixteenth-note pattern in the left hand and sustained chords in the right hand. Dynamics include *p*.

Fingerings (1-5) and articulation marks (accents, slurs) are used throughout to guide the performer. The page number 613 is centered at the bottom.





This page of musical notation consists of seven systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The music is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The notation is highly detailed, featuring numerous slurs, ties, and fingerings. Dynamic markings are present throughout, including *mf*, *sf*, *ff*, *pp*, *cresc.*, and *p*. The piece concludes with a final *f* marking. The page number 615 is centered at the bottom.



This page contains a handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of seven systems of staves. The notation is complex, featuring numerous triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

System 1: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has triplets and slurs. Bass staff has triplets and slurs. Dynamic markings: *sf*, *sf*, *p*, *ff*.

System 2: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has slurs and triplets. Bass staff has triplets and slurs. Dynamic markings: *ff*, *sf*, *sf*.

System 3: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has slurs and triplets. Bass staff has slurs and triplets. Dynamic markings: *sf*, *p cresc.*.

System 4: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has slurs and triplets. Bass staff has slurs and triplets. Dynamic markings: *ff*, *sempre ff*, *sf*.

System 5: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has slurs and triplets. Bass staff has slurs and triplets. Dynamic markings: *sf*, *sf*.

System 6: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has slurs and triplets. Bass staff has slurs and triplets. Dynamic markings: *sf*, *sf*.

System 7: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has slurs and triplets. Bass staff has slurs and triplets. Dynamic markings: *sf*.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of seven systems of staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The dynamics include *sf* (sforzando), *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), *sotto*, *dolce*, *cresc.* (crescendo), and *pp* (pianissimo). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. The score is written in a single system across seven systems of staves, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C).



First system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff begins with a *cresc.* marking. The bass staff features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

**Largo, con gran espressione.**

(♩ = 48.)

Second system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff has a *p* dynamic. The bass staff has an *sf* dynamic. The tempo is marked *Largo, con gran espressione* with a tempo indicator of 48 beats per minute.

Third system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff has a *tenuto* marking. The bass staff has a *sf* dynamic. There are two *Tea \** markings below the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff has a *sf* dynamic. The bass staff has a *pp* dynamic. There is a *Tea \** marking below the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano staff has a *pp* dynamic. The bass staff has a *sf* dynamic. There is a *Tea \** marking below the bass staff.

The page contains six systems of musical notation, each with a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. Performance instructions are written above or below the staves.

**System 1:** Treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. Bass staff has a triplet of eighth notes. Dynamics: *pp*. Instructions: *sempre tenuto* (above), *sempre staccato* (below).

**System 2:** Treble staff has a half note. Bass staff has a half note. Dynamics: *sf*. Instruction: *staccato* (below).

**System 3:** Treble staff has a half note. Bass staff has a half note. Dynamics: *sf*, *pp*. Instruction: *tenuto* (above).

**System 4:** Treble staff has a half note. Bass staff has a half note. Dynamics: *f*, *sf*, *pp*. Instruction: *staccato* (below).

**System 5:** Treble staff has a half note. Bass staff has a half note. Dynamics: *pp*, *p < sf*, *pp*. Instructions: *ten.* (above), *(u.c.) ten.* (below).

**System 6:** Treble staff has a half note. Bass staff has a half note. Dynamics: *f*, *sf*, *p*.



pp tenuto sf

tenuto sf

sf

pp ff

ff pp f p

sf cresc. f ff sf p

First system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano part features a complex, flowing melody with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass part provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo).

Second system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano part continues with intricate fingerings and dynamic markings such as *pp*, *sfz* (sforzando), and *pp*. The bass part has some rests and then enters with a simple harmonic line. There are asterisks (\*) marking specific measures.

Allegro. (♩ = 76.)

Third system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The tempo is marked *Allegro* with a quarter note equal to 76 beats. The piano part begins with a *p dolce* (piano dolce) marking and features a melody with triplet and sixteenth-note patterns. The bass part has a simple accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano part continues with a melody that includes triplet figures. The bass part has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo).

Fifth system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano part features a more active melody with many beamed notes and triplet figures. The bass part has a simple accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf* (sforzando).

Sixth system of musical notation, piano and bass staves. The piano part continues with a melody that includes triplet figures. The bass part has a simple accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano).



This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, likely in a minor key as indicated by the three flats in the key signature. It consists of seven systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The notation includes various musical elements such as notes, rests, and ornaments. Performance instructions and dynamics are written throughout the score:

- System 1:** The right hand features a melodic line with ornaments (3, 2, 3, 2, 3, 2, 3, 2). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The instruction *mancando* (diminishing) is written above the right hand, followed by *pp* (pianissimo) and *dolce* (sweetly).
- System 2:** Continues the melodic and harmonic development.
- System 3:** The right hand has a melodic line with ornaments (4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3). The left hand has a more active accompaniment. The instruction *pp* is written below the left hand.
- System 4:** The right hand has a melodic line with ornaments (4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3). The left hand has a more active accompaniment. The instruction *decresc.* (diminuendo) is written above the left hand, followed by *pp* and *cresc.* (crescendo).
- System 5:** The right hand has a melodic line with ornaments (4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3). The left hand has a more active accompaniment. The instruction *ff* (fortissimo) is written below the left hand.
- System 6:** The right hand has a melodic line with ornaments (4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3). The left hand has a more active accompaniment. The instruction *ff* is written below the left hand.
- System 7:** The right hand has a melodic line with ornaments (4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3). The left hand has a more active accompaniment. The instruction *ff* is written below the left hand.

Minore.

The musical score consists of six systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The first staff of the system contains a series of eighth notes, with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The second staff of the system contains a series of eighth notes, with a *fz* (forzando) dynamic marking. The first system is marked with *Tea* and asterisks. The second system continues the eighth-note pattern, with a *fz* dynamic marking. The third system features a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and a *decresc.* (decrescendo) marking. The fourth system includes a *pp* dynamic marking and a *con Tea* marking. The fifth system features a *fz* dynamic marking. The sixth system continues the eighth-note pattern, with a *fz* dynamic marking. The page is marked with *Tea* and asterisks throughout.



First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The first measure is marked *f* (forte). The second measure is marked *p* (piano). The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes in the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats. The first measure is marked *fz p* (forzando piano). The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes in the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats. The first measure is marked *fz p* (forzando piano). The second measure is marked *f* (forte). The third measure is marked *f* (forte). The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes in the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats. The first measure is marked *ff* (fortissimo). The second measure is marked *ff* (fortissimo). The third measure is marked *dim.* (diminuendo). The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes in the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats. The first measure is marked *pp* (pianissimo). The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes in the treble staff. A double bar line with repeat dots is present at the end of the system.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats. The first measure is marked *ppp* (pianississimo). The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes in the treble staff. A double bar line with repeat dots is present at the end of the system.

*Allegro D. C.*

Rondo.  
Poco Allegretto e grazioso. (♩ = 63.)

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It consists of six systems of music. The piano part is written in the left hand and the violin part in the right hand. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo and mood are indicated as "Rondo. Poco Allegretto e grazioso. (♩ = 63.)". The score includes various dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *sf* (sforzando), and *sempre p* (always piano). There are also many fingerings and articulations indicated throughout the score.



*cresc.* *f*

*f* *p* *pp*

*p* *f* *f* *p*

*f* *p* *ff*

*p* *decresc.* *cresc.*





Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of six systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures (three flats), and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings (*ff*, *p*, *cresc.*, *sf*). The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and includes fingerings (1-5) and articulation marks. The final system includes first and second endings, marked with '1.' and '2.' and a final *ff* dynamic.



First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is in a key with two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It includes a *sp* (sforzando) dynamic marking and a *decresc.* (decrescendo) instruction.



Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. It includes a *ritard.* (ritardando) instruction, a *a tempo* marking, and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking.



Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and articulations.



Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. It includes a *sf* (sforzando) dynamic marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.



Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. It includes a *sempre p* (sempre piano) instruction and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.



Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and articulations.



First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various fingerings (e.g., 2, 3, 4, 5) and dynamic markings such as *p*, *sf*, and *p<sup>2</sup>*.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various fingerings and dynamic markings such as *cresc*, *f*, and *sf*.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various fingerings and dynamic markings such as *sf*, *pp*, and *f*.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various fingerings and dynamic markings such as *p*, *tr*, and *f*.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various fingerings and dynamic markings such as *f*, *tr*, *f*, and *p*.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various fingerings and dynamic markings such as *f*, *p*, and *f*.

The image shows a musical score for 'The Swan' by Camille Saint-Saëns. It features a piano and a vocal soloist. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and consists of 12 measures. The piano part is marked 'p' and 'dim.', and the vocal part is marked 'pp'. The vocal line is a melodic solo, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The score is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The piano part is marked 'p' (piano) and 'dim.' (diminuendo). The vocal part is marked 'pp' (pianissimo). The score is a single system, and the vocal line is a melodic solo. The piano accompaniment is a simple harmonic support. The score is a single system, and the vocal line is a melodic solo. The piano accompaniment is a simple harmonic support.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody with various ornaments and a piano accompaniment with chords and arpeggiated figures. The score includes a 'pp' (pianissimo) dynamic marking and a '3' indicating a triplet. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the piano part.

[illegible]

Handwritten musical score for "Lied der Nachtigall" by Franz Schubert, measures 1-4. The score is in G major, 3/4 time, and features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes dynamic markings such as "f", "p", and "sf".



The image shows a page from a musical score for 'The Swan' by Camille Saint-Saëns. The score is written for piano and voice. The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and features a series of chords and arpeggios. The vocal solo begins with a 'crescendo' marking. The score is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The piano part is marked with 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The vocal part is marked with 'crescendo'.

Musical score for "The Song of the Lark" by Franz Schubert. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats), and consists of 16 measures. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece begins with a piano introduction marked *p*. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a prominent trill in the final measure. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the right hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *cresc.*, and *sf*.

A musical score for a piano piece. The title 'The Rose Tree' is written in a decorative, cursive font at the top. The score is in 3/4 time, indicated by the '3' over the '4'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music is written on two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and includes several trills. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes, also beamed together. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the lower register, featuring a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The voice part is in the upper register, featuring a melody with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system shows the beginning of the song, with the piano part starting with a series of sixteenth notes. The second system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment.

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble staff is marked *decrescendo* and *pp* (pianissimo). The bass staff contains a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The score includes a repeat sign and a first ending bracket.